The Outlook

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The Democratic Platform and the Popular Will

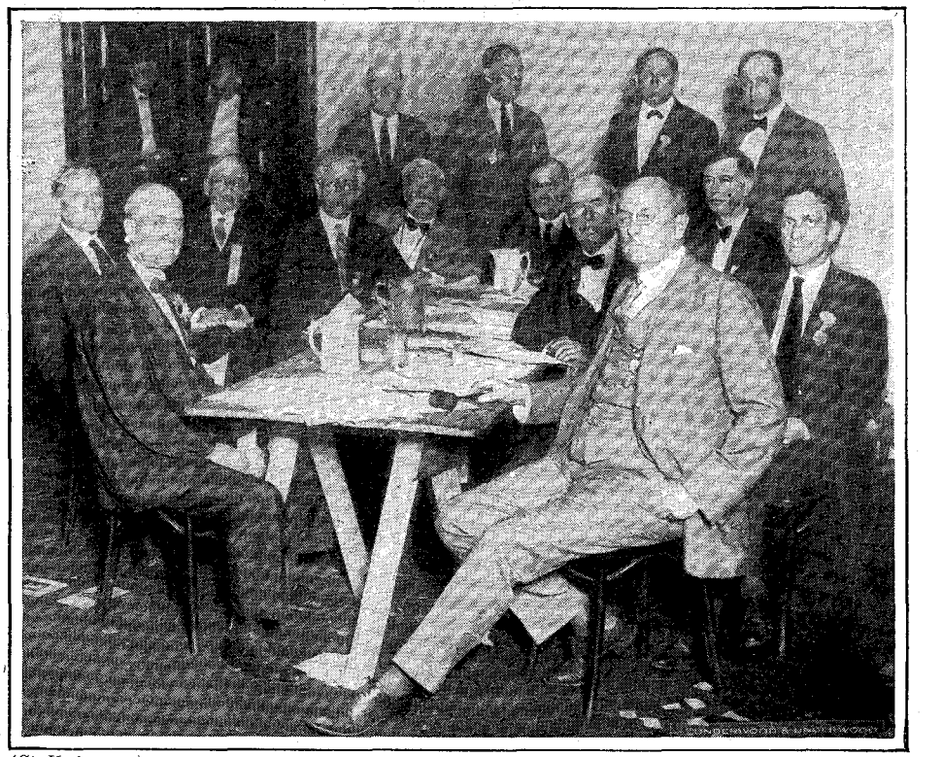
THERE are indications of the beginning of an era in which the hand of the people will mold, at least in general outline, the clay of party platform material. For a time—possibly for all time—expediency will remain the sculptor who puts in the deft touches and the suggestive lines, but deliberate public opinion is beginning to rough hew the thing.

Something of that was indicated the other week in a comparison of the Republican voters' platform written by the readers of The Outlook, and the official platform adopted by the Republican National Convention. In one sense, there is a closer similarity between the Democratic voters' platform written by the readers of The Outlook, and the official Democratic platform adopted by the party's National Convention. There are points at which the official Democratic platform wanders entirely away from the line of thought of the voters' platform, crossing it or running away from it at right angles, but through long reaches here and there the two run on parallel lines. If the two Republican platforms are never so far apart at their points of divergence, they are rarely so close together at their points of accord.

The official Democratic platform devotes a great deal of space to denunciation of the Republican record. The voters' platform did much less of that. On issues, the official platform is in the main quite as outspoken and almost as direct as the voters' platform. In that it differs from the official Republican platform, which is not always either outspoken or definite.

There runs throughout the official Democratic platform a tone of innovation, not to say of radicalism, which was absent from the voters' platform. In the main, it is an undertone. Only rarely does it become dominant, but it is none the less constantly present.

This effort to have the voters of the two parties write their own platforms and then to compare them with the official platforms written in convention has been, to The Outlook, extremely interesting. We hope it has had a comparable interest for the readers of The Outlook and that, for them as for us, it has served a useful purpose.



(C) Underwood

Framers of the Democratic Platform

In left foreground, with gavel in hand, Homer Cummings, Connecticut, Chairman. Other members of the Committee, left to right as their faces appear in the picture: Senator King, Utah; Representative Ayres, Kansas; Senator Hitchcock, Nebraska; Alfred Lucking, Michigan; W. H. O'Brien, Indiana (standing); Charles Mayer, Missouri; Senator Owen, Oklahoma (standing); J. A. Kellogg, New York; W. J. Bryan, Florida; Senator Caraway, Arkansas (standing); Senator Pittman, Nevada; Representative Garrett, Tennessee (standing); Newton D. Baker, Ohio

The Lively Parallel

SOME points of close similarity between the Democratic voters' platform and the official Democratic platform may be of interest.

The two planks on agriculture might be interchanged without making any difference except one of style. The voters' platform begins to outline remedial measures with this introductory sentence: "By the recurrence of small surpluses of farm products, American farmers are reduced periodically to the verge of ruin by the depression of prices of all farm products to or below the cost of production." The official platform promises the identical measures mentioned in the voters' platform "in order that the exportable surplus may not establish the price of the whole crop." Neither platform approves Federal price-fixing or Federal purchase of products. Both approve a Federal agency for expediting exports.

The tariff planks are closely similar. Both hold the Fordney-McCumber tariff unscientific and destructive of America's markets abroad.

The official platform, like the voters' platform, holds that proper reform of income taxes cannot be accomplished without at the same time reforming the tariff taxes.

On foreign relations, particularly on the League of Nations, the official platform differs from the voters' platform by something that amounts either to a subterfuge or an unconstitutional innovation—the referendum to the people. The foreign relations plank reported by the minority of the Platform Committee and turned down by the Convention lies parallel with the voters' plank.

The railway and merchant marine

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planks in the two platforms are practically parallel.

On the question of Federal aid to education, the official platform and the voters' platform are directly opposed. In Convention, Democratic tradition overbore the wish of Democratic voters. The old doctrine of States' rights was exalted above the new desire for uniformity in educational standards.

The tone of innovation previously referred to rises above the dominant strain on chords which appear in the official but not in the voters' platform—on Philippine independence, on a popular referendum before war is declared except in cases of actual or threatened invasion, etc.

There are numerous other similarities and disagreements which the readers of The Outlook who participated in the poll will find for themselves.

The Wheels of Justice Start Grinding

ALBERT B. FALL, former Secretary of the Interior, is three times indicted for his actions in connection with the Naval Oil Reserves—twice indicted for conspiracy to defraud the Government, once indicted for accepting a bribe to influence his official decision. Harry F. Sinclair is indicted with Fall in one of the conspiracy charges, and E. L. Doheny and E. L. Doheny, Jr., are indicted with him in the other. The indictments were returned in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and grew directly out of the efforts of the special investigators appointed by President Coolidge—Atlee Pomerene and Owen J. Roberts.

The appointment of these investigators followed the revelation of suspicious circumstances by the Senate Public Lands Committee, which afterwards came to be called the Walsh Committee because Senator Walsh, of Montana, took the leading part in forcing the investigation through. Thus the President and the Congress, despite differences of opinion, have worked together to bring sober justice to the Government not only, but to those who may have offended against it.

In the committee investigation some sensational things, it may be some unseemly things, were done. The legal investigation has been, of course, quiet and orderly. The one, in the language of the oil fields, was the "golden gusher," slopping uncontrolled over the countryside. The other, it is to be hoped, is the cased well, steady-flowing. Both, doubtless, were necessary.

The indictments come at the beginning of a Presidential campaign in which the oil scandals will play a part, great or small. Whether they will affect the result and in what way may be left for consideration to the time when we count election returns. For the present, it is good to know that these men, charged with betraying their Government, will be tried at a bar where, on the one hand, only competent evidence will be considered, and where, on the other hand, they can neither ignore nor evade the regular processes of the law.

The Drive for Thrift

ECONOMY, says President Coolidge, and then more economy. So may it be! And it can be. There is no doubt of that.

The President was addressing the business heads of the Government in conference at the close of the fiscal year. Those heads of spending agencies were entitled to a measure of commendation, for, under the budget system, they have saved money to the Government during the past three fiscal years. Because of the Bonus Law, it has been assumed about Washington that no considerable surplus could be accumulated during the fiscal year now beginning—not more than, perhaps, $25,000,000. President Coolidge told the heads of bureaus that the surplus must be at least $108,000,000, which is $83,000,000 more than had been expected.

The President does not at all overestimate the possibility of saving. Theoretically, at least, he greatly underestimates it. The sum of money spent at Washington each year which should not be spent greatly exceeds the sum named by the President. Whether in practice a greater saving than the one named could be immediately effected is a question, and the President can approximate the correct answer more closely than the rest of us. One evident fact, however, is that he is not to be satisfied with any one saving, but will drive ahead on his policy of economy, then more and ever more of the same.

If what should be done can be done, the ultimate reduction of Government expenses will read in billions rather than in millions. Those multiplied millions of expenses have been piling up through decades. It is no man's fault exclusively and no party's fault exclusively. But if one man can set the machinery going which, through a series of years, will steadily lop off unnecessary expenses, that man will have established himself as one of the greatest practical benefactors of the American Nation.

A Sensible Settlement

THE strike in the men's and children's clothing industry in New York City, in which employees estimated at from twenty to forty thousand left their shops, has been settled by the signing of a contract between the workers and employers.

The clothing industry is peculiarly a seasonal one, and this accounts for much of the trouble which keeps springing up almost every year in the summer-time. The workers seek some kind of regularity in their earnings. It is not true that high wages in one part of the year and no wages for the rest of the year average up satisfactorily. Apart from the tendency of all workers to spend money when they have it instead of saving it, there is in this industry a constant influx of new employers who cut under any scale agreed upon. For this reason the unions have been anxious to have a responsible employers' association with which they may deal, and have hailed with pleasure the forming of the New York Clothing Manufacturers Exchange during the strike.

This strike and that of the makers of women's garments which preceded it have not been for higher wage rates, but for workable contract conditions. One demand calls for a minimum wage, to be negotiated in the future between the workers and employers; the other sets up what is said to be the first industrial unemployment insurance in existence in New York City. Under it the worker contributes a small percentage of his wages to the fund, and that amount is doubled by the employer. This will help to do away with the seasonal difficulty. Arbitration methods are also called for by the contract.

The President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers says that the contract stabilizes the whole industry and will put an end to the chaotic conditions which have existed for two years, following the gradual breaking down of the "protocol," which nevertheless did much good in its day.

This settlement is notable as reaffirming the benefit of the methods adopted in this industry in Rochester and Cleveland. Rochester has had for several

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Uncertain of the issue any way

(1 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Harper in the Birmingham Age-Herald

Calling in the expert

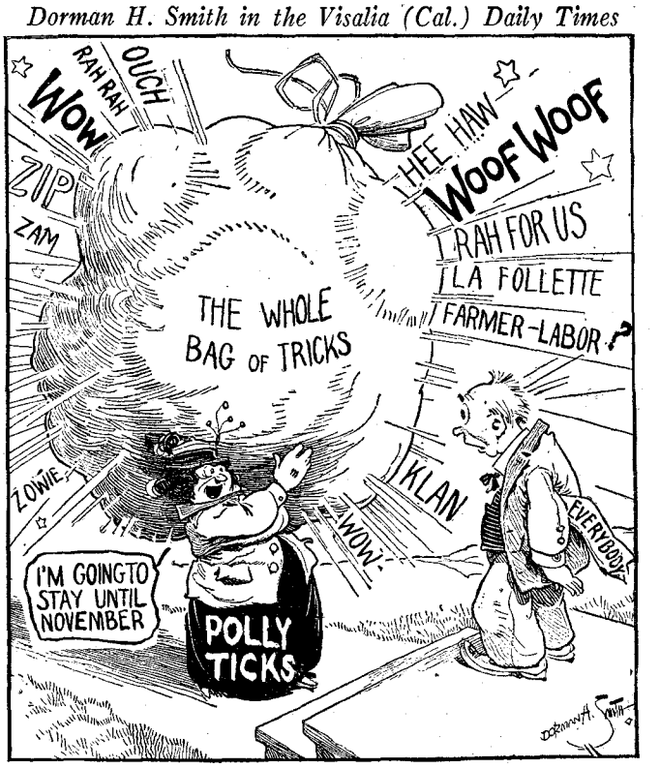
From Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Pandora

From Emily Robison, Bloomsburg, Pa.

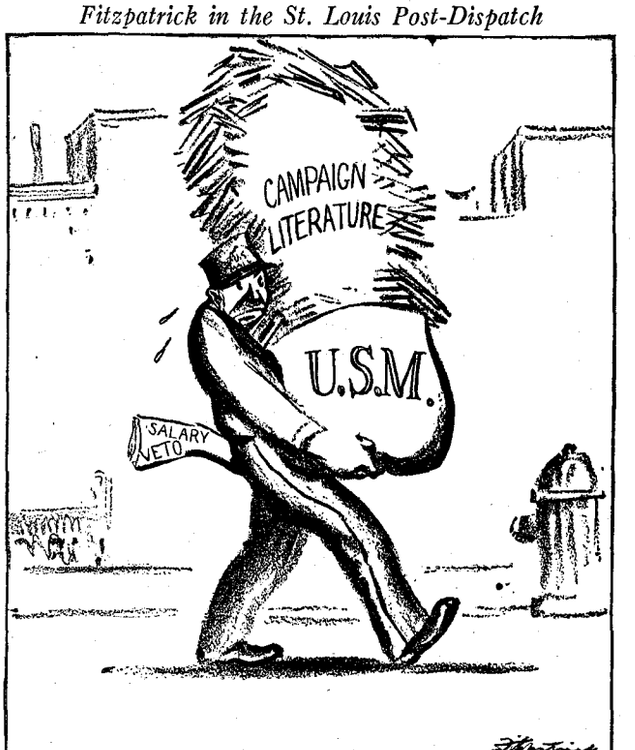
Dorman H. Smith in the Visalia (Cal.) Daily Times



Otherwise it will be a pleasant summer

From Mrs. W. A. West, Visalia, California

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



How to keep cool with Coolidge?

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

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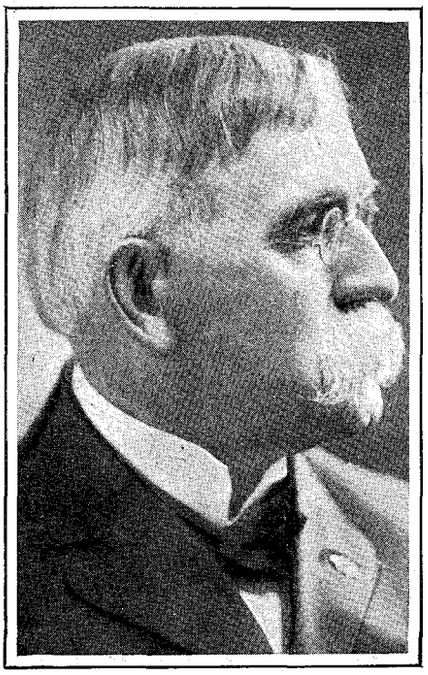
years an Industrial Court supported and obeyed both by workers and employers. Its agreement is not a contract in itself, but is a trade plan for the support of contracts. The Cleveland Plan, as it has generally been called, in the case of the women garment workers as well as in other disputes between unions and manufacturers, has had as its court of resort a board of impartial referees representing the public. The manufacturers guarantee a certain amount of work time, and a fund is established to which both parties contribute, which may be distributed among workers who are given less than forty-one weeks of employment or an equivalent in wages. In the last account we have had of this Cleveland Plan it appeared that the agreement was working fairly and was accepted as satisfactory by all concerned.

Differences are bound to grow up in every industry about wages, time of employment, and conditions. Settlements like these recorded above go far to prove that conciliation and common sense are far more likely to bring justice and peace than bitter class war.

A Knight of Labor

TERENCE V. POWDERLY, who died on June 25, was an outstanding labor leader thirty years ago and more. Powderly, Mitchell, and Gompers are the three names best known in American labor circles. Powderly did not found the Knights of Labor, but he developed it from a small and weak secret society into an organization of perhaps a million members. The secret society is as bad in the industrial field as it is in the political. This one was bound to lose its power in the end, and it did, in fact, rapidly decline after it wore out the impetus it received in the Missouri Pacific strike. It made the mistake of taking sides in questions that were political rather than industrial, and dissension naturally ensued.

The Knights of Labor idea as expounded by Powderly was co-operation and mutual assistance among workers of all kinds, regardless of trade, sex, or degree of skill. He was opposed (theoretically, at least) to strikes, but was constantly being pushed into strikes by his followers. As the Federation of Labor grew in strength, so the Knights of Labor waned. The I. W. W. partly holds Powderly's theories, for it would unite its members, not on lines of personal employment, but by the general



(©) G. V. Buck

Terence V. Powderly

trade—that is, all railway men in one association, not engineers, switchmen, and so on, in separate unions, as in the Federation. In a sense Powderly's theories were broader than those of Gompers, but they were not so efficient in results.

Powderly was three times elected Mayor of Scranton by the Labor-Greenback Party, was for five years United States Commissioner of Immigration, and later became head of a section in the Immigration Bureau. He wrote several books relating to industrial topics.

International Amity—Unofficially Propagated

OFFICIAL international conferences have their uses in promoting friendship and co-operation, but the value of such meetings is sometimes more than merely rivaled by the beneficent effect of such unofficial international meetings as have been so conspicuous this year. We have already commented on the value of the Olympic Games in promoting international good will and sportsmanship, and the still larger value of the World Power Conference held in London—a co-operative meeting of the great engineers, scientists, and educators of the great nations of the world. And now comes, also in London, another significant convention—that representing the hundreds of advertising clubs and allied interests of the United States, Great Britain, and of the English-speaking world.

This convention of the Advertising Association will serve two purposes. The meeting of 5,000 representatives of advertising and business interests cannot fail to develop a greater understanding between the business men of the English-speaking nations. Close business friendships mean national friendships. And this convention will do much to forward the basic principle of advertising ethics—a principle cultivated during the eighteen years of the development of this great Association. It is condensed in their slogan—"Truth in Advertising"—a concept which means everything worth while to the advertising man, to the dealer, and to the consumer.

Hagen Brings the British Golf Title Here Again

LAST year Walter Hagen, of New York, lost the British Open Championship by one stroke. On June 27 he won by the same narrow margin. He has therefore won twice in three years, and as Jock Hutchison, of Chicago, won at St. Andrew's in 1921, the title has been brought to the United States three times in four years—an admirable record!

Hagen finished the 72 holes with 301, with E. R. Whitecomb, that able English golfer, but one stroke behind. The third place has been held by Americans for two years, and this year we hold it partially, at any rate, MacDonald Smith, of California, tieing with Frank Ball at 304.

Many athletes require the stimulus of a really important contest to bring out their game at its best. Hagen has frequently shown that, in addition to the stimulus of reward, he likes also the stimulus of an up-hill fight. A bad start this year was the prelude to his striking victory.

The Italian Agitation

FOLLOWING the usual method of the leaders of Governments under attack, Mussolini has announced his intention of reorganizing his Ministry. The process is going on as we write, and it seems to be taking the line of eliminating the younger and more impetuous ministers and under-secretaries who may be supposed to sympathize with "direct action." The new Cabinet will, it is reported, include new members who are not Fascist leaders, and will be a coalition pledged to restore order and to carry out Mussolini's promise of a return to legal methods of procedure and a policy of

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"normalization." In a speech before the Senate Mussolini is reported as saying that he would "suppress all illegal action on the part of those on the fringe of the Fascisti party," and as having publicly declared: "The object of my general governmental policy will be to reach at any cost a respect for law and national pacification, to practice selection and purge, with tireless daily vigilance, the Fascisti party, and disperse the last vestiges of its illegal conceptions." He has received a vote of confidence both from the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate.

An authorized statement by Mussolini as to his agricultural policy will be found elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

How bitter are the accusations against the Fascisti is indicated by the fact that the distinguished Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, in a "postscript," published by the New York "World," to his forthcoming book "Four Years of Fascism," says of the recent elections which indorsed Mussolini by a huge majority:

> None but the Government party could speak or move, print manifestoes, hold public meetings, make use of the posts and telegraphs, or show itself to the sovereign people.
>
> In some places, and even in one or two of the large cities (as Genoa), attempts were made to prevent the Opposition from carrying out the necessary preliminary formalities; there were actually instances of the offices of the returning officers being invaded. The beatings, expulsions, threats, kidnappings of Opposition candidates and of their friends and supporters were beyond counting.

The Matteotti mystery remains unsolved and its situation is as it was here reported last week. It is noted that there has been no public expression by Fascisti of disbelief in the claim that he was murdered, and that the reason was his activity against Fascism. It ought to be remembered also that the violence and threats of Red Socialists or Communists in Italy caused the Fascist revolution.

(C) Keystone

Walter Hagen, winner of the British Open Golf Championship

If Italian Communists in Italy are more excitable than Italian Communists in America, we can easily understand how they brought on the Fascist direct action. At a meeting in New York such Communists held a meeting described as "a near-riot" and unanimously passed a resolution calling upon President Coolidge to dismiss the Italian Ambassador at Washington and averring that "whatever argument there may be for the non-recognition of Russia applies with far greater force to the Fascist régime of assassination in Italy." This is hyphenism run mad. If these people are Italian citizens, let them address their own Government; if they are Americans by adoption or intention, let them be Americans and not Italo-Americans.

The Cradle of the Winds

THE Mississippi watershed is maintaining its reputation as an area likely to develop destructive wind storms of various sorts. The tornado that seemed to center about Lorain, Ohio, and caused the death of at least 109 persons and an enormous destruction of property over a wide surrounding area, is but the latest of a long and terrible series. Such emergencies test the sturdiness of a great population to the utmost. It is hard to tell which one admires the more—the steadiness of stricken people in calamity or the speed and efficiency of organized rescue and reconstruction. Perhaps these inland sufferers from the forces of nature may some day evolve a method of construction capable of defying the best efforts of the wind gods.

Dryopithecus—Probable Ancestor of Man and Gorilla

THE careful study of fossil jaw-bones of a forest ape called Dryopithecus, found in India about a year ago, has convinced scientists of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, that the common ancestor—or a very close relative of that common ancestor—of man and the gorilla has been found.

P. & A. Photos

Lorain, Ohio, after the recent destructive tornado

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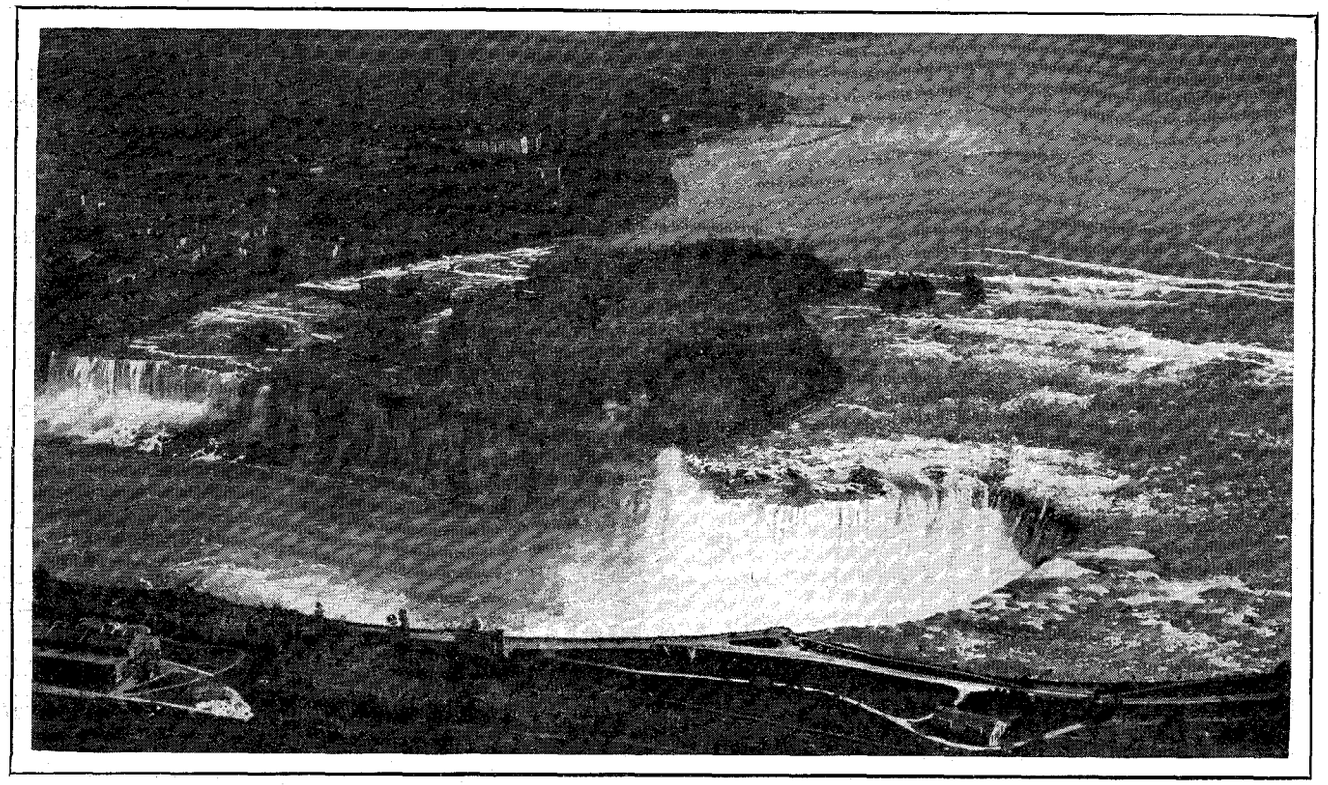

Niagara Falls—an airplane view

The jaw-bones with teeth intact have been studied during the past year by Dr. William K. Gregory, Curator of Comparative Anatomy, and Dr. Milo Hellman, Research Associate in Anthropology, both of the American Museum.

The genus Dryopithecus lived in India in the Miocene Epoch, as well as in Europe during this and the subsequent epoch of the great period of mammalian evolution a few million years ago. The discovery of these fossil remains has given occasion for a very careful review of the whole subject of man's relation to the anthropoids, and this review, according to Dr. Gregory, strengthens the evidence for Darwin's original view that man is an offshoot from the anthropoid stem, which includes the apes.

In comparing the teeth of Dryopithecus with those of several uncivilized races of man—the extinct Neanderthal race, the Australian blacks, and certain Indians—Dr. Hellman was able to point out a remarkable similarity in some of their structural characters. The grinding faces of the molar teeth of these uncivilized races, as well as those of the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang, and the gibbon, show an intricate pattern made by the cusps or elevations and the sulci or valleys between them, as well as the peculiar tiny pits at the ends of these valleys. Very significantly, the corresponding pattern of the molars of the recently studied extinct ape Dryopithecus is practically identical. The resemblance of Dryopithecus in this respect to both man and the manlike apes is so striking that Dr. Gregory has named this pattern of molar teeth "the Dryopithecus pattern."

Our Teeth, but Not Our Cavities, Inherited from Ape Ancestors

WHILE man has evidently inherited his rather peculiar molar teeth from his ape ancestors just as the living apes have, in the development of the hard wearing material which covers the cusps of his teeth civilized man differs in one regrettable respect both from the apes and uncivilized man, and it is this difference which accounts for most of our troubles with cavities.

In the young child the growth of this wearing material begins at the tips of the cusps and spreads towards the valleys between them. As it finally meets in the valleys, instead of making a perfect fusion like molten lava it leaves an extremely fine crease, like the crease that is left between buns as they rise in a pan.

Civilized man lives mainly on a vegetable diet. He gnaws and crushes no bones. Therefore the wearing material of his molar teeth is permitted to become thick and the creases correspondingly deep. Into these deep creases acids work their way, and are not removed by brushing. Cavities result.

Recent investigations show that over eighty per cent of our molar tooth cavities occur in these pocketed positions. The etiological cause of most of our tooth cavities is thus traceable to the peculiar hill and valley pattern inherited by us from the apes of a few million years ago.

Salvaging Niagara

ONE can imagine the ridicule tinged with pity with which our grandfathers would have greeted the suggestion that mere man might rearrange Niagara! Nevertheless, man is about to attempt this very thing. In fact, man must do so, not only to conserve much power but also to save the Falls as a great spectacle.

Of the 150,000 cubic feet of water per second now going over the precipice, but 5 per cent goes over the American Falls. The great volume going over the Canadian or Horseshoe Falls is rapidly eroding a kind of gulf or "throat," which is drawing more and more water from both sides of the Horseshoe, and which before many years will be made into a huge "V," a mighty cataract rushing through a great gully eaten into the limestone.

On June 13 and 14 members of the St. Lawrence Power Commission, United States Army officers, and Secretary Hoover visited the Falls, and before them were placed two tentative solutions of this serious problem. Mr. John L. Harper, President and Chief Engineer of the

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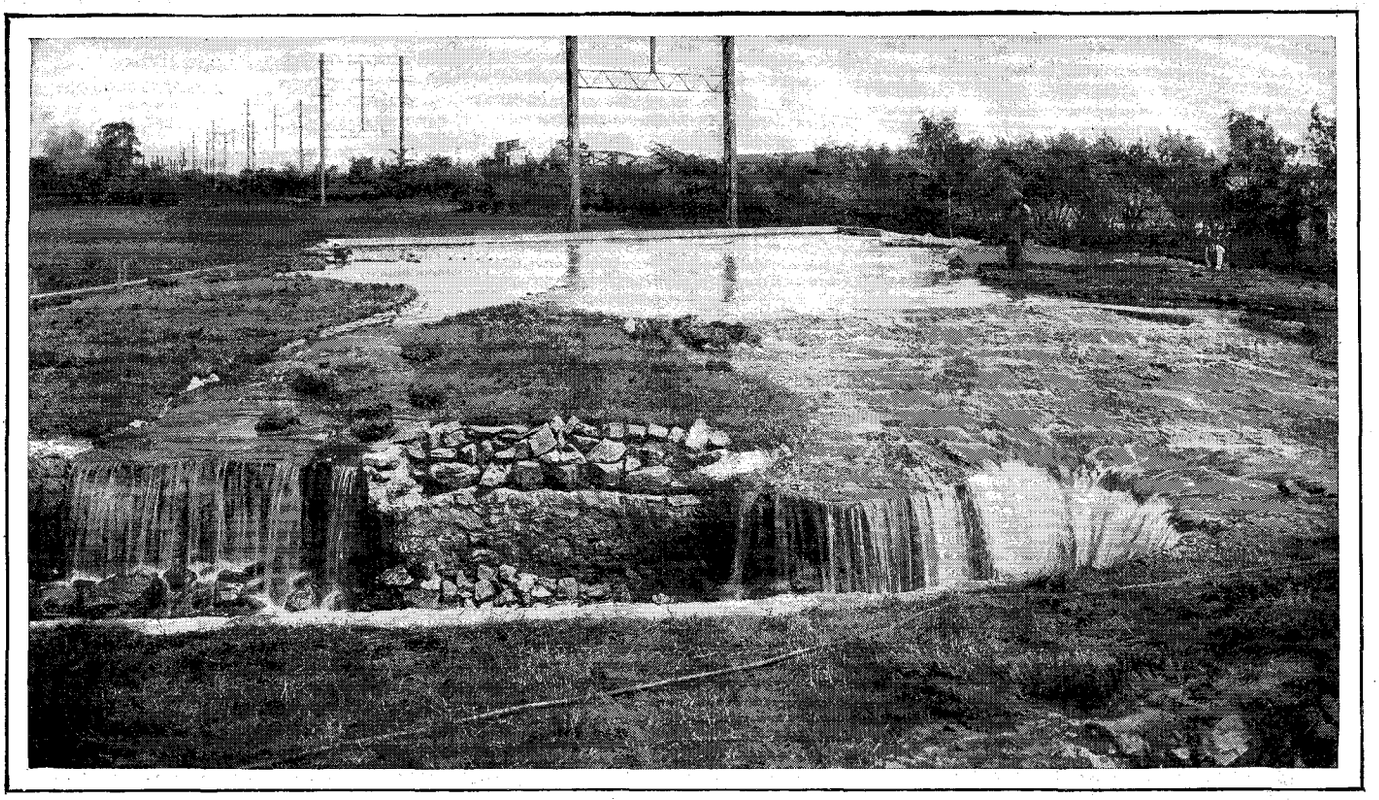

Niagara Falls—a model, built to scale, for the purpose of studying the water flow and the forces which are gradually destroying the Falls

Niagara Falls Power Company, and one of the foremost hydraulic engineers of the day, showed the visitors a model of the Falls, complete in every detail, of which the accompanying photograph gives a good idea. Over the miniature falls is sent an amount of water directly proportional to that of the real Falls. The concentration of water at the "throat" of the Horseshoe Falls is obvious both in the model and in the original.

One solution is that proposed by Colonel W. D. Warren, an army engineer, who suggests building a dam or weir back of the brink of the Canadian Falls, to distribute the water more evenly. Mr. Harper, before his visitors, had such a model weir placed in his model, and the water was distributed admirably. Then Mr. Harper had the weir removed, and had two miniature islands placed in the stream above the model falls, and near the Goat Island shore. The effect was the same as that produced by the weir, and the appearance infinitely more attractive. This would throw water away from the "throat," save an immense amount for power, and still improve the general appearance of the Falls. Finally, the placing of a small weir threw to the American Falls the quantity of water to which it was entitled. As one of the visiting engineers said, the model had "everything but the rainbow."

Such engineering capacity linked with a high degree of audacity makes what we like to think the characteristic quality of American engineering on a large scale.

The Menial Job

"ARE native Americans determined to go back to work—go back, that is, to the hard and menial and dangerous jobs that for half a century European immigrants have been doing for them? No doubt it would do the native Americans good; but are they ready to accept it, and is that what, consciously, they are driving at?" This is the question which the "Nation" asks as it "notes the gathering opinion in favor of a rigid exclusion policy toward immigration." The "Nation" proceeds to wonder whether "the native Americans who so complacently look forward to drying up our stream of immigration, especially the peasantry of Southern Europe, have considered what is to become then of the top-heavy civilization which we have reared upon the alien's back."

Frankly, we think that the "Nation" is wrong in saying that our civilization has been "reared upon the alien's back" if by that statement the "Nation" means that it has been reared upon the backs of unassimilable races destined to remain forever submerged in our society. In all the early period of our history the heavy physical labor of the pioneer was done by the ancestors of those we call the native stock. Then for a time until very recently aliens unfamiliar with our institutions and our language indeed played a large part in the rougher and harsher labors of our industrial development, but to these people there has not been denied such opportunity for advancement as is the heritage of any American. We believe that America has adopted a policy of rigid curtailment of immigration because it feels that we are creating a class of laborers of a kind ill adapted for development into full-fledged American citizens.

If this policy of exclusion means that there will be fewer men to do the rough work of industry, the final result may be both a higher price for labor and a lower cost of industrial production. Higher-priced labor means the introduction of better tools and more and more labor-saving machinery, a fact that is being demonstrated daily in thousands of American homes. The reduction in the supply of household labor has not meant a lowering of standards of comfort and living. It has meant a simplification and an improvement of the methods by which that standard of living can be maintained. Better kitchens, better systems of food distribution and preparation, the magic wand of electricity applied to vacuum-cleaners and washing-machines and other devices, leave the modern housewife freer for outside activities than her grandmother who could count upon the assistance of cheap labor.

Yes, we think that those whom the

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'Nation" classifies as "self-satisfied Americans of native white parentage" have entered with open eyes upon a period of a stricter immigration.

Speeches

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE country has been recently overwhelmed with a flood of oratory. At the Republican Convention in Cleveland there was a verbal rainfall of several inches, but the storm really broke at the Democratic Convention in New York, where there was a perfect cloudburst in Madison Square Garden. Most political stump speakers must have read Gladstone's definition of the function of the orator. The orator, he said, simply pours back in a flood what he receives from his audience in a spray. This, of course, was only an epigrammatic way of saying that no man can make a really great speech unless he succeeds in winning the interest and, finally, the sympathy of his audience.

Every public speaker will testify to his dependence upon his audience. And yet the most noble and most effective speech ever made on American soil was spoken to an audience which came to realize only afterwards that it had been listening to immortal words. Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, less than three hundred words in length, was delivered without the enhancement of gesture or what are commonly spoken of as the graces of oratory, but it will be read and the circumstances of its utterance will stir the imagination when William Pitt and Burke and Charles James Fox and Webster and Bryan may be merely encyclopædic names.

It is singular how few oratorical speeches have more than a momentary effect. Plutarch reports that Cicero once said that loud-bawling orators take to noise for the same reason that lame men take to horses—because of their weakness. Sonority impresses the ear, but unless it conveys an idea or touches the heart its effect rapidly passes away like that of an anæsthetic. As I sat in my office just across the street from Madison Square Garden during the Democratic Convention and heard the sounds of cheering and of blaring brass bands which came up through the open window, I began to think over the speeches of statesmen that I have heard during my lifetime, and tried to recall what, if any, left a permanent impression on my mind and thought. I have heard, of course, scores of interesting, informing, and worth-while addresses of various kinds—those spoken from the political platform and those spoken post-prandially from the head table of the public dinner. But as I write these words only four or five come spontaneously into my mind as outstanding in their character.

First among them, I think, I should mention a speech in New York City of Senator Carter Glass in behalf of the Federal Reserve Banking System. He was speaking to an antipathetic audience of New York business men and financiers, at the time the fate of the bill which created the Federal Reserve Bank was hanging in the balance. If the influence of New York was favorable, the bill would undoubtedly pass; if unfavorable, it might be defeated. A great New York banker spoke first, if not in condemnation of the bill, at least damning it with faint praise. Then came Mr. Glass, red-headed, rather awkward, occasionally getting his cuffs caught in his coat sleeves, once knocking his notes off the stand before him and having to stoop and gather them up; nevertheless he was in such command of the facts of the case and so filled with a kind of moral passion that he slowly but steadily gained the confidence, then the assent, then the enthusiastic applause of his audience, whom he so carried with him that they shouted to him to continue when his time had expired. The test of great oratory is not the approval of partisan supporters, but the conversion of opponents and antagonists.

I regard Senator Elihu Root as one of the ablest public speakers that I have ever heard. His voice is high-pitched and not melodious, but the clarity of his thought and the perfection of his diction make a deep impression on any audience which prefers ideas to noise. Two speeches of his remain in my memory—one in advocacy of a new Constitution for the State of New York which had just been framed by a Constitutional Convention of which he was the President, and the other an exposition in Washington, early in 1917, while our Government was still neutral, of the two antipodal philosophies of government, for which Germany stood on one side and England on the other in the World War. In the Constitutional case he failed, in the war case he succeeded. But both of these were great speeches, because on both occasions, with deep conviction and sometimes with manifest emotion, Mr. Root was endeavoring to persuade some of his fellow-citizens to adopt a course about which they showed reluctance.

Three speeches in behalf of the League of Nations remain fixed in my memory, and this although I am very doubtful whether this country ought to go into the League at the present time. One of these addresses was by Lady Astor at a dinner of the English-Speaking Union. She added to her effectiveness an element which I do not think enters into the oratory of either Senator Glass or Senator Root—a play of gentle and delicate humor. Lady Astor I regard as one of the most effective public speakers I have ever heard. How much of the impression she makes is due to her wit and intelligence, and how much to the charm and grace of her manner and person, it is difficult for a mere man to tell.

Two other speeches on the League of Nations remain in my memory. One by President Wilson at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was a very beautiful piece of diction, and no man who uses the English language as the medium of his work could have failed to be impressed by its distinguished artistry. But it left me cold. The other was by Lord Robert Cecil, delivered at a great gathering of the Economic Club in New York City the evening before he sailed home for England. I do not know that I have ever heard a speaker whose sincerity, fearlessness of the truth, and willingness to accept the consequences of following right-reason wherever it might lead him, have so impressed me. I have never come so near wishing that the United States were in the League of Nations as I did at the conclusion of Lord Robert's speech.

This, of course, is a very casual retrospect, but it is enough to help me to formulate in my own mind the qualities which I like to find in a public speaker. He should possess, I think—of course I am not including the mere humorist or entertainer, who performs a very useful function—knowledge, wisdom, dignity, quick-mindedness, a pleasant voice, distinct enunciation, a command of good

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nervous English, and, above all, moral conviction. This perhaps is asking a good deal of a mere human being, but it also perhaps explains why the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives are generally emptiest when the loudest orator is haranguing the presiding officer, who unfortunately cannot escape into the cloak-rooms.

In his essay on William Pitt, Macaulay has something pertinent to say about political oratory:

> Parliamentary government is government by speaking. In such a government, the power of speaking is the most highly prized of all the qualities which a politician can possess; and that power may exist, in the highest degree, without judgment, without fortitude, without skill in reading the characters of men or the signs of the times, without any knowledge of the principles of legislation or of political economy, and without any skill in diplomacy or in the administration of war. Nay, it may well happen that those very intellectual qualities which give a peculiar charm to the speeches of a public man may be incompatible with the qualities which would fit him to meet a pressing emergency with promptitude and firmness. It was thus with Charles Townshend. It was thus with Windham. It was a privilege to listen to those accomplished and ingenious orators. But in a perilous crisis they would have been found far inferior in all the qualities of rulers to such a man as Oliver Cromwell, who talked nonsense, or as William the Silent, who did not talk at all.

Perhaps what the American Government needs at this juncture is a silent man who will go faithfully about his daily business, leaving the makers of speeches to the political conventions.

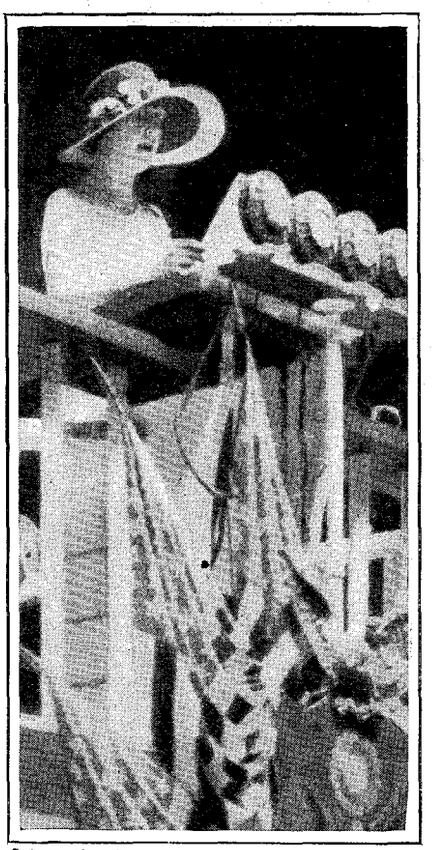
A Party Civil War

Editorial Correspondence from the Democratic National Convention

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

IN bitter animosity only one political contest that I have ever observed can be compared to that of the Democratic Convention of 1924. That was the battle at Chicago in 1912 between the forces of Taft and Roosevelt. If this contest does not result in a split in the Democratic Party, it is because, unlike that in the Republican Convention of 1912, it has not been primarily a struggle for the overthrow of an oligarchy in the party itself. It has been rather a clash between two factions within the party alien to each other not only in political theory but in traditions involving habits of thought and social customs. But, though the effect on the party may not be immediate, it is certain to be fundamental, for the struggle involves deep-seated religious, sectional, and social instincts.

The Republican struggle of 1912 may be compared to those civil strifes in England, a homogeneous country, between rulers bent on maintaining vested authority and the commons determined to secure or preserve the right to life and liberty. The Democratic struggle of 1924, on the other hand, may be compared to those intestine feuds on the European Continent, composed of conflicting races, where tribal tradition has again and again clashed with tribal tradition, province with province, creed with creed. It is because the Republican Party is fairly homogeneous, without pronounced differences in its foreign or sectional elements, that the outstanding conflict within itself was in the nature of civil strife between authority and liberty. It is because the Democratic Party, on the other hand, is divided into large blocks of distinct elements—as distinct as the rural Southerner and the city-bred naturalized immigrant—that the conflict within the Democratic Party has taken the form of an intestine tribal feud.



International

Mrs. Leroy Springs of South Carolina (who was "mentioned" as a possible nominee for Vice-President), addressing the Convention as Chairman of the Committee on Credentials

Back of this difference between the two parties as shown in their composition is a difference in character and temperament. The Republican Party is the more inclined to common sense; the Democratic Party, to idealism. Each has the defects and virtues of its distinctive quality—the one being the more materialistic but efficient and orderly, the other being the more doctrinaire but venturesome and exploratory.

In their Conventions this year the two parties have shown their difference, it seems to me, as never before.

For their Convention the Republicans chose the beautifully proportioned Public Auditorium of Cleveland, severely simple in design. The only decoration in the interior was a large American flag that formed the background of the stage at one end of the hall and three well-painted portraits—one of Lincoln, one of Roosevelt, and one of Harding. The Democrats, on the other hand, chose Madison Square Garden, in New York, a natural home for boxing bouts and the circus, and they fairly enveloped its interior in draped American flags that flapped in the breezes from the opened skylights, revealing the steel skeleton of the structure, but, unfortunately, not concealing four huge portraits of Jefferson, Jackson, Cleveland, and Wilson of the atrocious style customary in campaign banners.

In Cleveland the proceedings, though interrupted by an occasional and more or less perfunctory demonstration, were orderly and began with little or no delay. In New York the proceedings were accompanied with much confusion and disorder, and were invariably begun from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half behind scheduled time.

In Cleveland the spirit was business-like; in New York, oratorical.

In Cleveland the Convention was in

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control of the delegates; in New York, in control of the delegations. (This difference is noteworthy. The whole Convention at Cleveland acted as a self-governing unit; while at New York the several delegations, each self-governed in its own way—some voting solidly as the majority determined, others dividing according to the preferences of their members—formed groups of blocs in mutual alliance or antagonism.)

In Cleveland the Republican delegates shouted approval of virtues—frugality, honesty, fidelity, truthfulness. In New York the Democratic delegates shouted approval of ideals—peace, liberalism, self-sacrifice, freedom.

In Cleveland it was party loyalty that was held up for admiration, in New York it was party doctrine.

In Cleveland the Republican delegates were united in the middle of the road. In New York scarcely anybody seemed to be in the middle of the road, for all were inclined to one extreme or the other.

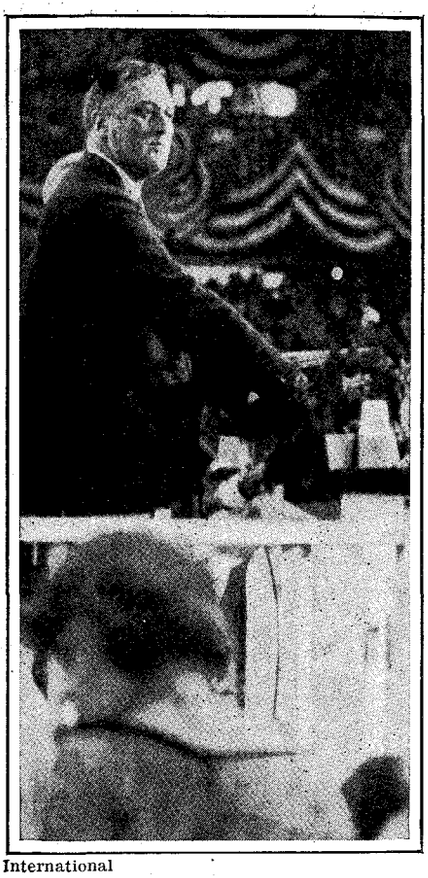
In Cleveland the delegates paid scant attention to any one not committed to following their common leader, Calvin Coolidge. In New York the delegates assembled without leadership, for they had no leader to follow.

In Cleveland the Republican Party praised itself; in New York the Democratic Party castigated its opponent.

In Cleveland the best among the delegates might be classified as competent and successful. In New York the best of the delegates might be classified as temperamental and aspiring. The typical young man in the Republican Convention I should expect to do his work faithfully and adequately, to stay after office hours if necessary, and to find his way to some position of authority by the process of steady promotion. The typical young man in the Democratic Convention, on the other hand, I should expect to find not so much dependable as resourceful, and to be more interested in making suggestions, wise or unwise, about his work than in merely doing it—less productive than his Republican counterpart, but more inventive.

In Cleveland about the hotel corridors the conversation among delegates seemed to be in the nature of discussion; in New York, in the nature of argument.

Long before the Convention assembled it was known that the Democratic Party was facing civil war. For eight years under Woodrow Wilson the hostile elements in the party had been held together; but in four years out of office, without National leadership and without even any common National policy or function except that of opposition to the party in power, these hostile elements have had opportunity to separate from one another



International

Franklin D. Roosevelt proposing the name of Governor Smith

in matters involving their strongest feelings, and have become more antagonistic to one another than any of them had been to their political adversaries. In certain social and personal moral standards, for example, there is more community of interest between the Southern Protestant and the Puritan New Englander than there is between that Southerner and his fellow party member who lives in an industrial center and has come from the shores of the Mediterranean. The Ku Klux Klan has figured much more largely in the discussion of this split in the Democratic Party than its numbers would seem to warrant. In fact, the Ku Klux Klan is but a symbol, an extreme perversion, if you will, of resentment against the hostility of the alien in America to certain American traditions and American habits of mind and life. Millions of aliens have become thoroughly American and have contributed to American development; but other millions, particularly in more recent years, have remained isolated in foreign communities in America. On the other hand, some of the oldest American stock have remained isolated in rural communities and there have become inbred in ideas as well as in blood. Klan against Catholic or Jew has not been the real issue, but it has served to symbolize it, and long after the Klan has disappeared the issue will remain in American life, and in the Democratic Party itself unless the party is reconstructed.

The dramatic fight to condemn the Klan by name in the platform resulted in almost a tie vote, and was lost by the narrowest margin. It was characterized by Mr. Bryan's effective speech for reconciliation in the name of a common Christianity and by other speeches, some eloquent, some brave, some stupid. It was marked by confusion and wrangling and lasted till about two o'clock Sunday morning. It proved almost futile, for though an actual split in the Convention and the party was prevented, the fundamental conflict between the native and foreign elements was not allayed.

This does not mean that all on one side in this Democratic civil war are foreigners and all on the other side native-born Americans. Not at all. This does not mean even that those on the one side stand for alien ideas and on the other side for ideas purely and characteristically American. It means rather that certain sections of the country dominated by the industrial centers have become in part Europeanized, somewhat to their advantage, somewhat to their disadvantage, while other sections of the country withstand Europeanization.

The hostility showed itself at once as soon as the delegates from the South and the West appeared in the heart of New York's silk district, where Madison Square Garden is situated. Every leader in the Convention was aware of the hostile feeling. Probably not more than two-thirds, and possibly even less, were organized into the two hostile camps, but several days before the sessions opened Southern and Western delegates pledged to William Gibbs McAdoo were ranged in an army facing the troops under the leadership of Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York.

The sources of the strength of Mr. McAdoo were obvious. In the first place, more than any other candidate, he had won support in the Presidential primaries. A great mass of the delegates supporting him came pledged or instructed by the voters in their States or districts. Besides that, Mr. McAdoo had a record in President Wilson's Cabinet which appealed to a wider variety of elements in the party than any other man. As Secretary of the Treasury he had much to do with the establishment of the Federal Reserve System and of the Federal Farm Loan System and of the War Risk Insurance. As Director-General of the Railroads he pleased the railway employees by what he did to raise their wages and favor their organizations. He has been a resident in various parts of the country. He is a son of the South. He lived for several years in New York, and there built the Hudson tubes connecting Manhattan Island to the main-

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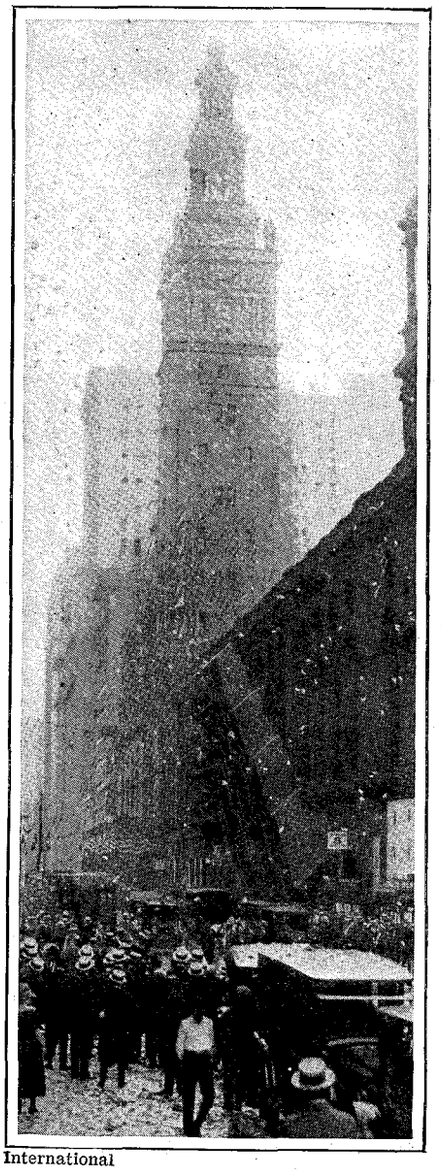
land of New Jersey. And he is now a resident of California, under whose banner he came to the Convention. But Mr. McAdoo's weaknesses are as evident as his strength. Though he denies any official or otherwise recognized connection with the Ku Klux Klan, he has been regarded as the Klan's chief candidate, and nowhere in political circles is open support of the Klan a source of anything but weakness. Besides that, Mr. McAdoo has incurred the antagonism of business and financial circles. Among men who are responsible for carrying on some of the largest industrial and banking enterprises Mr. McAdoo is regarded as unsound. But most of all at this time, when the Democratic Party believes it has found an issue in the Naval Oil Reserves, Mr. McAdoo's employment by Mr. Doheny, the oil operator indicted during the sessions of the Democratic Convention, has made him in the eyes of many politicians wholly unavailable. Against him the New York "World" has carried on an editorial campaign which in harshness equals anything that it ever undertook in hostility to a Republican candidate. I am writing this while the Convention is still deadlocked in its balloting for the Presidential candidate and Mr. McAdoo is leading the list. These "World" editorials would of themselves seem to me enough to prevent Mr. McAdoo's nomination, for, coming from an extremely partisan Democratic newspaper, they would furnish the Republicans with invaluable campaign material. And yet, in spite of all his weaknesses, no man at the Convention had such a following. It lacked the enthusiasm of that of the followers of Smith, but for loyalty and determination nothing could surpass it. It was not so much the devotion of followers to a leader, but rather the union of men and women behind a programme. Mr. McAdoo is the one man who has made clear to the Convention the policies he proposes to put into operation if he is nominated and elected.

The source of strength of Governor Smith as a candidate was as obvious as that of Mr. McAdoo. Smith came to the Convention with a record as a vote-getter and as an administrator that in some respects exceeded that of any other candidate. His popularity in New York was proved by the hundreds of thousands of votes by which he surpassed other Democratic candidates in every one of his campaigns for the Governorship of his State, and the measures which he has supported as a member of the State Legislature and as Governor have marked him as a leading Democratic liberal. If the issue were one of Liberalism versus Conservatism, he would be undoubtedly as strong as any candidate of the Liberal wing. But, as in the case of McAdoo, his weakness is as obvious as his strength. Much has been made of the fact that he is a Roman Catholic. That, however, has not been the chief factor in the opposition to him. Rather it is the fact that he represents, as no other man does, that group which comprises the alien element in the party. He is known as a "wet" who was responsible for the abolition from the statute-books of the State of all law in prohibition, regulation, or any kind of control of the liquor traffic. His supporters claim that he favors the enforcement of the Federal law; but that has little weight with those who believe that the liquor law of the country should not be wholly Federalized, and no weight whatever with those comprising the great majority of the people in this country who are behind the enforcement of the Prohibition Amendment.

And he has been weakened by his supporters since the Convention began.



International

Outside the Garden at the time Governor Smith was placed in nomination—the streets littered with a "paper salute"

Madison Square Garden has been packed with shouters for Smith. After Franklin D. Roosevelt's eloquent speech placing him in nomination, the din in Madison Square Garden was physically painful to the ear. Not only were the people in the galleries supplied with rattles, horns, and other noise-making instruments, but there was installed at least one electric siren which pierced the eardrum with its stabbing shriek. From where I sat there was a band for a while not twenty-five feet distant, but all I could hear of that band was the sound of the drum and an occasional blare from a cornet. And the galleries not only showed their support of Smith, but their hostility to his opponents, booing and hissing McAdoo, shouting "Oil," "Oil," "Oil," and confirming in every way possible the impression which the Western and Southern delegates had of New York's isolation in thought and spirit from the rest of the country. All that Mr. Roosevelt had gained by his conciliatory speech was thrown away in the first ten minutes of the demonstration for Smith lasting for an hour and twenty-nine minutes, and was forgotten when repeatedly the Permanent Chairman, Senator Walsh, found it necessary to issue the warning that the galleries might have to be cleared. That these galleries were under control of the Smith organization was proved by their response to the gestures from the New York delegation when tardily some of the Smith leaders saw that the demonstrations had been overdone. Perhaps unjustly, the display of the New York police force reacted unfavorably to the candidacy of New York's Governor. I can testify to the patience and self-control with which the police handled the crowd, but it was of no aid to Mr. Smith that as the Convention opened there was a police parade which the Western delegates interpreted as a threat by the strong arm of the Eastern politicians. It was clear that Governor Smith had behind him a following which, however lacking in self-restraint or discretion, in personal devotion surpassed that of any other candidate. There is something romantic and picturesque in Governor Smith's rise from poverty on the East Side of New York to his present high position, and the romance of his career was expressed in such songs as "The Sidewalks of New York," which finally became tiresome and irritating to the delegates from the prairies and the mountains. Everywhere in the city the delegates encountered people with Smith badges, in the taxicabs, in the elevators, on the streets, and in the subways. When his name was put in nomination, the air around Madison Square Garden was filled with bits of

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paper thrown out from surrounding office buildings. Like confetti they drifted down through the skylights of the Garden and covered the seated delegates. There was evidence during the early days of the Convention that the resentment against New York from the delegates of the West and the South grew as time went on.

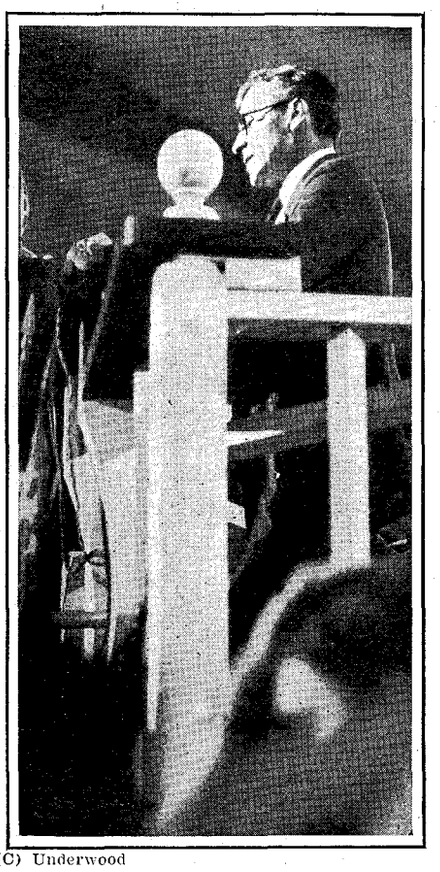
Before long it seemed evident that the Convention was a Convention not for one candidate or another, but against opposing candidates. What could hold such a crowd together? There was one thing that the leaders seized upon at once as a common bond, and that was antagonism to the Republican Party. Senator Pat Harrison's speech consisted almost wholly in an arraignment of the Republicans, so severe, so bitter, as to arouse the New York "World" to protest against its vituperation. And Senator Walsh's speech as Permanent Chairman was an echo of what Senator Harrison had said. Although there was, it seemed, a chance for hostile forces to unite, the animosities engendered between these two forces was so great that hostility to the Republican Party seemed uninteresting in comparison.

There was something else that might have been expected to keep these delegates together. That was loyalty to the memory of Woodrow Wilson. Newton D. Baker, of Ohio, President Wilson's second Secretary of War, who served during hostilities, first invoked that spirit when he placed in nomination the candidate who had been defeated four years ago, James M. Cox, of his own State. He received an ovation then; but it was when he pleaded for a plank in the platform committing the party without reservation to the League of Nations that he seemed like a prophet of a religion seeking to recall a reluctant people to the faith. His eloquence stirred the two thousand and more delegates and alternates and the many thousands in the galleries alike as nothing had stirred them or was likely to stir them during the whole period of the Convention. He spoke of Woodrow Wilson in much the same terms as an eloquent Christian mystic would speak of his Master. He brought to his hearers his own memories of the War, of soldiers dying and sending their messages through him to their mothers, and he told the Convention of his vow that he should lift up his voice always and ever until those soldiers' "sacrifice were really perfected." And then he spoke of Woodrow Wilson:

> I have one other debt—I beg your patience while I pay it. I served Woodrow Wilson for five years. He is standing at the throne of a God whose approval he won and has received. As he looks down from there I say to him, "I did my best. I am doing it now. You are still the captain of my soul. I feel your spirit here palpably about me." He is standing here, through my weak voice, his presence not that crippled, shrunken, broken figure that I last saw, but the great majestic leader is standing here, using me to say to you, "Save mankind, do America's duty."

When he concluded, that audience gave him an ovation such as I have rarely if ever heard accorded a speaker anywhere at any time. And then the Convention proceeded to vote to abandon the League as a party principle and to substitute for it an impossible and unconstitutional referendum on the subject.

Nothing else that has happened has shown so conclusively the radical division in the Democratic Party. Not even the appeal to the memory and spirit of the greatest of its leaders since Jackson, perhaps since Jefferson, could unite it. That Convention exalted Woodrow Wilson as a hero and a saint, but declined to follow Wilson's leadership.



(C) Underwood

Newton D. Baker speaking for the League of Nations

The Klan's ½ of 1 per cent Victory

Special Correspondence from the Democratic National Convention

By STANLEY FROST

THE thousand blue-coated policemen who held the floor of the Democratic National Convention, so that the vote on the Klan issue was taken with every delegate's head in reach of a nightstick, put a fitting cap on the turmoil and tension of the Convention's first week. It was fitting, also, that this final scene should take place on the floor of the Convention and thus bring into the open at least a part of the intrigue and quarreling which had been more or less hidden in the lobbies and bedrooms of hotels.

It is not often that decisions are really reached on a convention floor; perhaps even this decision was not reached there, for there is growing evidence that it had been carefully staged to give precisely the result it did. It is in conference rooms, in hotel lobbies, across dining-room tables, and in corners with pocket flasks that the real work of a convention is done, and it has been so done here. The open convention is the face of the watch; the works are usually kept from sight.

But the policemen were no stage effects. They were needed. The tension between the two factions of the Democratic Party, which has been piling up for months, became raw and ugly as the delegates gathered and wrangled. There were fist fights in plenty; some threats that implied guns; an intense irritation that might have broken out into a conflagration at any moment. The leaders of the Convention were so alarmed that they decided at one time to clear the galleries of all spectators before allowing the Klan question to come up. The police were the alternative precaution; it is probable that they alone made it possible to take that vote without riot and perhaps without bloodshed.

The curious feature of the situation is that the leaders on both sides did not want to fight, tried to avoid an open

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issue; hunted for compromises, tried to hold down the lid on the seething pot of prejudice and hatred. The cooler heads knew that open battle was sure to cripple the party for the campaign and might bring disaster. They realized that if a record vote were taken it would seriously damage almost every man who met the issue. "New York will be solid against the Klan," one politician remarked. "Nobody can ever do business with the New York Democracy again if he's pro-Klan now. But that'll be hard on the up-State boys who have Klan followers." And after the vote was taken another casual comment on a Western delegate who voted against the Klan was: "Well, that settles that poor devil. He was going to run for Senator. Now every Kluxer in the State will get after him."

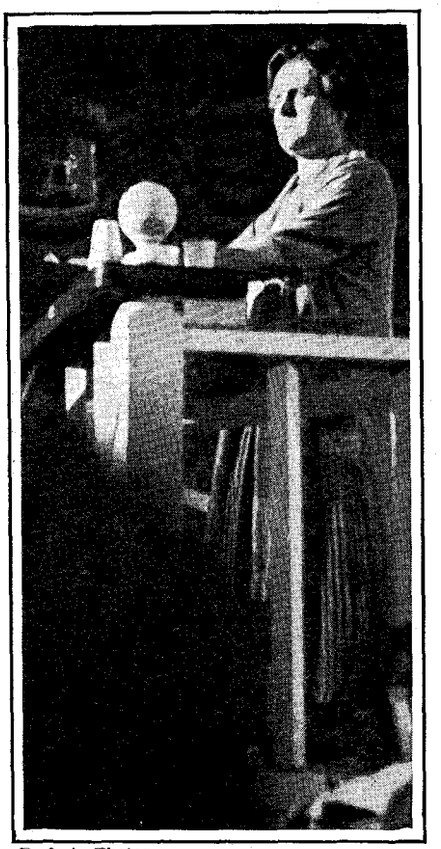
The Klan also wanted to avoid a fight. It always injures the Klan when it comes out in the open. It damages it to have its supporters identified. It interferes with its policy of invisible influence to have its exact strength measured. It hurts it to be caught in a fight on a religious issue instead of on the Americanism which it is trying to make its platform. Its National leaders, at least, know this. They wanted peace.

The Peace that Failed

BUT there was no peace. All efforts failed utterly and the friction and tension grew day by day. And from all sides, by the Klan itself, by the cooler politicians, and by the anti-Klan religious leaders, the same charge is made to explain the dispute. It is that the men who prevented peaceful compromise and forced the fight into the open were the liquor interests!

It is impossible to know that this is true, but there is evidence to support it. The bootleggers and their political friends have at least as much reason to hate the Klan as have the Catholics or Jews. The Klan has prosecuted and persecuted them in many places. And through the smoke of the fight could be seen now and then leaders who can fairly be suspected of liquid affiliations. One is from Illinois, where the Herrin affair and a dozen other Klan raids have given the wets discomfort; another from Ohio, where the Klan claims to have dried up forty-three towns and cities. These facts may have had nothing to do with their attitude, for they based their fight against the Klan on the highest moral grounds, but they are facts.

On the other hand, there was trouble started also from inside the Klan. From the Southwest and particularly from Texas there came a flock of delegates who had no sympathy with any quiet and pussyfooting policy. They had come triumphantly through some open fights down there, they were Southwestern and forthright by nature, and they wanted action. They talked out loud. They rather thought they could peel the hide from any one they disliked. They even spoke of burning a fiery cross in Madison Square, and it took a lot of persuasion to



P. & A. Photos

Mrs. Carroll Miller, of Pennsylvania, who spoke against the Klan

stop them. But they could not be kept quiet, and they helped to influence the situation.

All this was on the issue of Klan and anti-Klan, but it soon went beyond that. One of the dangers of having a religious issue around is that it is pretty sure to come to the front whenever a fight starts. It did so this time. Although the battle lines were never exact, for there were always a considerable number of Protestants in the anti-Klan forces, and some Catholics opposed attacking the Order, they were clear enough for all practical purposes. With a great number of delegates the Catholic-Protestant issue presently overshadowed even the question of party victory. It was noticeable that when the vote was finally taken there was always some one ready to take the place of any delegate who switched to the anti-Klan side, even when his personal situation was such that he could offend the Catholics only at high cost. Nothing but religious convictions—or prejudices—can account for the sacrifices some of the pro-Klan delegates made. The same was true in less degree on the other side.

It is the first time in nearly sixty years that a religious issue has been raised in American politics, and there is reason to believe that even the men who raised it were startled and frightened by the storm. The issue cut into a situation already dangerous because the Convention was divided along sectional lines. And the storm could not be checked because there were no powerful bosses to hold down the lid. Brennan, in many respects the outstanding man of the Convention, was adding to the fire. Smith had little control of his followers. McAdoo refused to influence his men. It has already been told that part of the Klansmen were out of hand. So the delegates did about as they pleased.

Gun-Toting Delegates

THE result was such feeling as I have never seen before in a National Convention, not even the Chicago Convention of 1912, when the Republican party was split over Roosevelt. Charges of all kinds flew fast; that Tammany would "strong-arm" the Convention, that pro-Klan delegates were being kidnapped, that the galleries would break loose when the Klan question came up, that the Klan was threatening all kinds of trouble back home for men who opposed it—there was nothing imagination can conceive that was not told and believed. How serious the feeling was is shown by the fact that delegates began to arm themselves! "Every man on that floor except our crowd has got a gun," one man told me. I tried the experiment of moving through the crowds in the lobbies and feeling for pistols, taking pains, of course, not to be misled by bottles. In one hotel lobby I found that one man in three was armed, in another it was three in five, and in the hotel where the faction of the friend who made the remark was staying I found a weapon on every other man I got a chance to touch!

With such tension it was early evident that there was no chance of compromise. At first there was some discussion of the language in which the Klan should be denounced, but this soon dropped. It became clear that the language would be strong; the only question was whether the Klan should or should not be named, and this grew to be the paramount issue. Neither side would give in, one or the other had to take a defeat, and the problem before the leaders was how to have the fight on the floor pass over with the least possible damage to the party.

The time when this could be done seemed to come Saturday night. It is

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still too near the event to be sure of the exact factors which entered into the complicated situation, and perhaps the whole truth will never come out. But I have been told on good authority several interesting things.

One is that the Klan would have been denied even that one-half of one per cent victory it won—a margin of 4 votes out of the 1,083 3/10ths votes cast—if the ballot had been taken either on Saturday morning or on Monday morning.

Another—and this is not inconsistent with the first—is that when the ballot did come there were enough votes under control to have offset any possible defections from the Klan side at the moment, though they were not all used. Partly this is said to have been to avoid any greater revelation of strength than was necessary, and partly because even anti-Klan leaders believed that a close vote would leave less soreness and a better chance of party success than one which either defeated the Klan or demonstrated that it was safely in control. This would mean that the size of the Klan victory had been precisely calculated in advance.

A third statement is that the Smith-wet missionaries, who had been working on the opposition delegates, had overplayed their hand, so that there was a temporary reaction. This involves the theory that the anti-Klan faction's strongest period had been a day or two before, and that it lost the fight on the tactical error of trying to pile up more strength before risking a test.

This last theory is really the important one, and there is much in the talk and the events of the last few days to bear it out. The missionary work that has been done for the Smith-wet faction has been amazing. It has mostly been in the name of Smith, but a good deal of it may fairly be charged to wets who are Smith men only nominally. It is quite possible that much of it, and especially the worst parts, may have been done without Smith's knowledge, so that no blame attaches to him. But the work has been done.

There have been two obvious methods in this missionary work, aside from the unproved charges that some delegates were practically kidnapped. The first has been to impress on all visitors how greatly Smith is loved and honored in New York and how sure he is to carry the State. It should be added that this is needless labor, for no sane man has any doubt about both facts. But the effort to prove them has been constant. Every hotel employee I have seen has been wearing a Smith button, and even the taxi-drivers find time to slip you a neat earful of their enthusiasm. No one in New York can escape it. But it has been a bit overdone and has become wearisome. Also, it is now under suspicion. For instance:

There is a telephone switchboard in the lobby of one of the hotels which I use often enough so that the girls there do not take me for a stranger—to be impressed. A man with a delegate's badge noticed one operator's Smith badge, and commented on it.

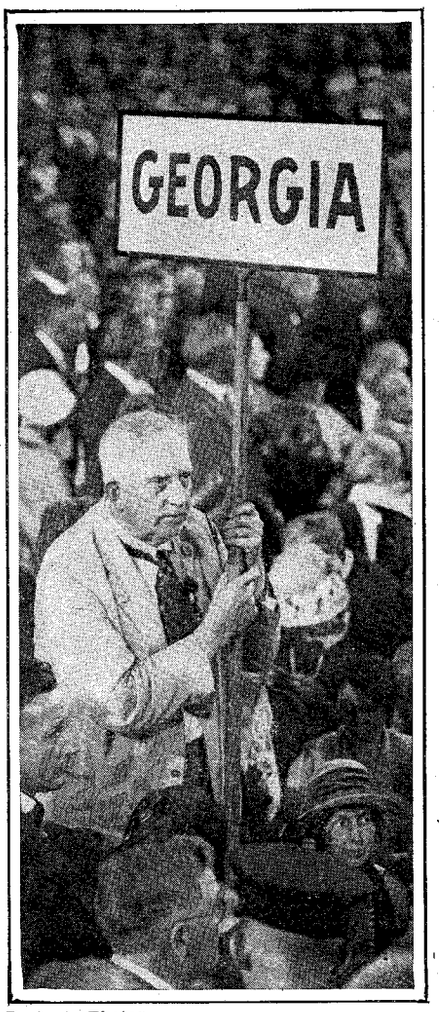
"You bet," she said. "We're all for Smith here. Strong as they make 'em."

When he had gone I asked her how "strong" she really was.

"Management's orders," she snapped. "Me, I'm a Republican."

Hospitality With a Purpose

WHEN the far-come delegates began to learn this situation, the reaction was bad. And about the same time another reaction set in, from the other side of the campaign, which may be mildly called "hospitality." Every effort was made to give visitors a good time. It was true that suspected Klansmen could not get liquor unless they had friends in town, but if any other man thirsted long it was his own fault. The city was fairly swimming. Moreover, the bootleggers, hotels, theaters, and restaurant men kept their word not to raise prices, so that no man got the feeling that he was being bled. Entertainment was lavish and unrestrained.



P. & A. Photos

The Georgia delegation during a great demonstration against the Klan

It made big inroads on both the McAdoo and Klan strength in the first few days. Both, besides, were badly handled, and the Klan was handicapped in trying to hold its non-member sympathizers by its general policy of keeping under cover. Moreover, the Wizard was sick of ptomaine poisoning, and could do little work. It seems likely that some two hundred delegates were lured away. For a time even the most optimistic Klan leaders had no hope of even saving their face.

Then came the reaction; the discovery of the shoddy in the Smith fervor which made many lose sight of the fact that there was also in it more real strength than in any other boom; the headaches which increased day by day as the hospitality took effect; resentment against the ostentatious display of police and the insults to Western feeling in the conduct of the Convention; and, finally, a return toward political sanity by some of the leaders. There remained at all times a great deal of religious feeling on the issues; at one period there was little else, and even leaders who are usually calm were ready to sacrifice the party to win their factional fight. But there were open threats of a bolt by the Klan, and there were Protestants in the Smith-wet group, and some Catholics both in this group and in the McAdoo crowd who were able to keep their minds on the matter of party expediency.

The anti-Klan group believed it could win—but at a price, and, with victory in sight, part of the leaders of this group became afraid of the results. Discussion around the hotels began to turn on whether the victory was worth the price. There was heated talk as to whether the Klan would actually bolt, as its members threatened. There was more debate on whether it could carry any Southern States with it if it did. And, finally, there was careful calculation as to whether the party could win without the Solid South. No real agreement was reached on any of these points, but the net result was that some of the men in the Smith group were afraid to press home the victory. They began to work among the delegates to let the Klan off easily. So the result was that, while the Klan was apparently sure of a beating on a straight issue, expediency and party harmony won, and gave the Klan its Volsteadian triumph.

The great extent to which sectional feeling controlled the delegates is shown by a brief analysis of the vote by States.

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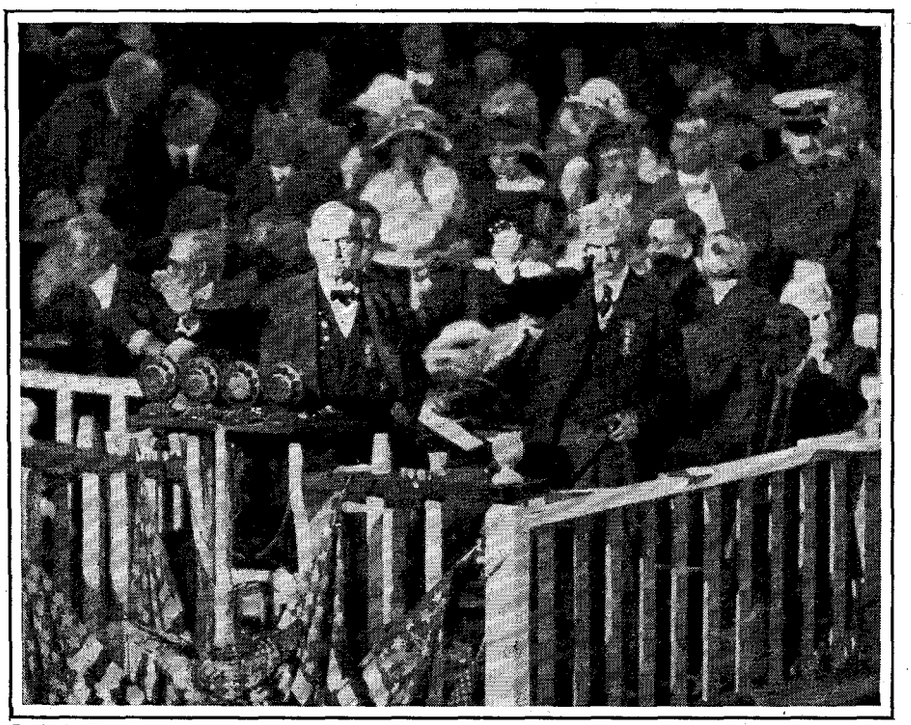

P. & A. Photos

William J. Bryan (left) and Chairman Walsh (right), with hands raised, commanding silence when Mr. Bryan spoke in favor of "pussyfooting" the Klan issue

Most State delegations gave some support to both sides, but, taking the majority as showing the prevailing feeling, we find that each section was practically solid.

The entire East was anti-Klan, with the single exception of New Hampshire. So were the four States of the Northwest—Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas. But most of the rest of the country was pro-Klan. The South was solid, except for Alabama, which had an Underwood delegation, and Maryland, where the Catholic vote is strong. The Southwest was solid Klan; so was the Pacific Coast. In the mountains Colorado and Utah divided equally, and the other four States were for the Klan. In the Middle West the Klan got Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, West Virginia, and Michigan (by a narrow margin) but lost Iowa by a hair, Illinois, where Brennan rules, and Ohio, which is controlled by Ed Moore. The line-up is almost perfect; city against country, wet against dry, recent immigrants against native-born, conservative against liberal, Catholic against Protestant.

Incidentally it should be noted that of the anti-Klan States only two, Alabama and Maryland, normally give Democratic majorities in a Presidential year! It is the Klan rather than the anti-Klan States to which the party must chiefly look for electoral votes.

The compromise finally reached, by which the platform said about everything possible in condemnation of the Klan but did not name it specifically, was in one way a triumph for the party. It prevented an open bolt and kept the party organization in one piece. It did not actually drive any member of either faction out of the party, but gave to each a fair enough excuse for staying inside the breastworks. Most of them will probably do so, at least nominally, though they may do a little dirty work at the polls. But at least the danger of disruption was averted. Once the fight was started, that was about all that could possibly be hoped for.

But beyond that it was quite unsatisfactory. The Smith-wets, of course, are unhappy, for they were beaten after nailing their flag to the mast, even if the beating was not an impressive one. But the pro-Klan people are equally unhappy.

"That fight ought never to have happened," one of the leaders told me. "It wouldn't have if it hadn't been for the bootleggers. We don't really get anything out of it; just save our faces, and don't do that very well. And it looks like the party was ruined for this year, anyhow. It's better than being licked ourselves, but that's about all you can say about it. But the way things looked yesterday, I really ought to feel cheerful that we did that much."

The Fight that Hurt the Klan

THAT is only part of the story. Actually the Klan has been badly injured by the fight. The plank adopted is generally accepted as a severe denunciation of the Klan and all its works except that it omits the name. Incidentally, the Klan, which is dry, failed to get a strong dry plank. But the real damage that has been done to the Klan is that it was forced out into the open once more, just as it was in Indiana, and this time was unable to win any such overwhelming victory as it did there. The opposition to it has been solidified and organized and will be much better able to fight it in future. The bitterness against it has been intensified and focused. It has been seen by the whole Nation in the act of reaching for control of the Government. All these things are infinitely damaging and may become deadly to an organization which is trying to build up a dominant minority power in any political field. The Klan, for all its victory, leaves the field far weaker than when it entered.

Moreover, to get even the tiny margin of victory, it had to exert all its own force and then call in an outside issue. It used all its own members, and made them stand up and be counted. It used both the intangible threat of its invisible power and, when that was not enough, the direct threat of a bolt. Finally it found that it could not win on its own issue, and fell back to the last-ditch cry of "party harmony." With all this it won only by four votes. This leaves it with nothing more than the shadow of power in the party where it had hoped to rule.

Democracy's Strange Bedfellows

THE whole fight proves once more the thing which needs no proof, which is that there is utter incompatibility in the Democratic Party. The factions which fought here are completely opposed on every single important issue. They hate each other much more than they do any Republicans. They could frame no platform in which they could agree on any positive stand on any matter except the corruption and "subservience to the predatory interests" of the Republicans. That is a good enough issue, to be sure, and may be a winning one this year if the scars of the fight here can be healed, for the Republican record is damning. But the very fact that it is the only issue shows that Democracy does not agree with itself.

There is one group of politicians who are greatly pleased with the events of the week. They are Republicans. I asked one man high in the new general staff of the party what he thought about the results.

"Well," he grinned, "the Democrats might have done better by us, of course. They might have disbanded and gone home. But short of that they've done about all they could for Coolidge and Dawes. I've never enjoyed a convention so much in my life."

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Mussolini States for The Outlook the Achievements of His Government

I HAVE seen Mussolini three times in action. On the first occasion he welcomed the delegates to the General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture. He rather brusquely deprecated the applause which greeted his appearance, and read his address in a low, restrained voice. But he took occasion to speak favorably of the movement for better international understandings among farm organizations. Two nights later he received the delegates in the palace which houses the Foreign Office. We then beheld a charming Italian gentleman, in faultless evening dress covered with splendid decorations.

A few days ago I saw him open the International Conference of Nations on Emigration and Immigration. He had become once more the careful statesman. Fully cognizant of the difficulties in the way of bringing about international harmony on the immigrant question, he boldly declared for an international programme which would be both humane and economic. As I listened to him on these occasions, it seemed to me that there was in Mussolini something of Roosevelt, something of Napoleon, and a great deal of Mussolini.

Finally I sought an interview with him for The Outlook on the Fascist agricultural programme. At that time he was touring Sicily and scoring great triumphs. On his return to Rome, arrangements were made without difficulty for the authorized statement which follows.

Here, then, in his own words, is the story of Fascist accomplishments and present policies with regard to Italian agriculture.

CHARLES W. HOLMAN.

THE agrarian policy of the Fascist Government was directed first of all to re-establishing the basic conditions necessary for the development of production by freeing private initiative in this field from the stifling hindrances of governmental interference which had greatly reduced production. Its policies have restored social peace and order and given a feeling of confidence and security to all who work and save and produce.

Having accomplished this, the Government turned its attention to the chief problems which must be solved if agriculture is to become more productive. And here it may be stated that the Fascist Government considers increased agricultural yields as essential to the economic recovery of the country.

During the past year a series of important legislative measures have been taken, based not only on technical considerations for the increase of production, but which have also an important social content. Among these questions are those of the latifundia, land settlement, common lands and the rights of the villagers to use them, and, most important of all, the problem of attaching the rural family to the land by strong and enduring ties. The laws to which reference has been made prepare for the solution of all these problems.

If agricultural production is to increase in Italy, it is essential to bring more technical knowledge and training to farming and to make more capital available for the farm.

The Government has provided for the first of these two needs by reorganizing scientific research applied to agriculture and reforming agricultural training.

The work of the existing experiment stations has been better co-ordinated by drawing up definite programmes for experimentation. These programmes have been fully discussed and co-ordinated by the directors of the stations in consultation with the Ministry of National Economy, which has furnished additional funds for this purpose.

At the same time the Government has reorganized and supplied the necessary funds for carrying out economic and statistical inquiries so as to secure systematic and continuous information on the economic status of Italian agriculture. This will form the basis for effective Government action and for intelligent action by the voluntary agricultural associations.

The measures taken in the field of education provide, first of all, for the more effective organization of the agricultural colleges, which have all been placed under the Ministry of National Economy.

Secondary schools have also been provided, transforming for this purpose some of the best of the schools of practical agriculture, of which there are a considerable number in Italy. The purpose of these secondary schools is to train directors and managers for small farming concerns and the assistant staff for larger undertakings.

Steps have been taken to organize vocational schools for the sons of peasants who have finished attendance at the public elementary schools. This last law will have vast social importance, for the upward movement which transforms the peasant into a tenant farmer or small landowner is very intense in Italy, and whether its results will be economically advantageous or otherwise depends on the degree of technical preparation which the peasant has received to fit him for his new duties.

Capital must be made available for the farmer; but Italian agriculture is not so much in need of credit for the purchase of fertilizers, implements, and other requisites as it is in need of credit for land improvements. There are large areas known as latifundia in southern Italy and the islands which have not yet been provided with the basic requirements essential to intensive agriculture, such as farm buildings, roads, irrigation and drainage, etc. These improvements must often be co-ordinated with public works, such as the building of roads, hydraulic works, reafforestation, etc., which must be carried out before the others are undertaken.

The measures taken up by the Government, therefore, aim, on the one hand, at the close co-ordination of such public works with the land improvements made by private owners, and, on the other, at facilitating these latter by providing credit at special rates of interest. This type of credit will be afforded by special banks authorized for this purpose. These banks will secure the requisite capital by issuing *land bonds*, and they will be subsidized by the Treasury to an extent which must not exceed 2.5 per cent of the interest they have to pay.

The forestry laws have also been amended so as to bring them into line with the reforms contemplated both for the protection and improvement of woods now in existence and to encourage reafforestation. Further steps are being taken to wind up ancient forms of collective ownership incompatible with intensive agriculture.

In carrying out its programme of agrarian reform the Government has taken steps to secure in the application of the laws the whole-hearted assistance of the farmers themselves. And for this purpose the National Government has established local bodies known as Provincial Agricultural Councils, on which all classes of farmers are adequately represented. These Councils will undoubtedly facilitate the adoption of Government action to the special needs of the several regions, and will bring about a desirable degree of administrative decentralization.

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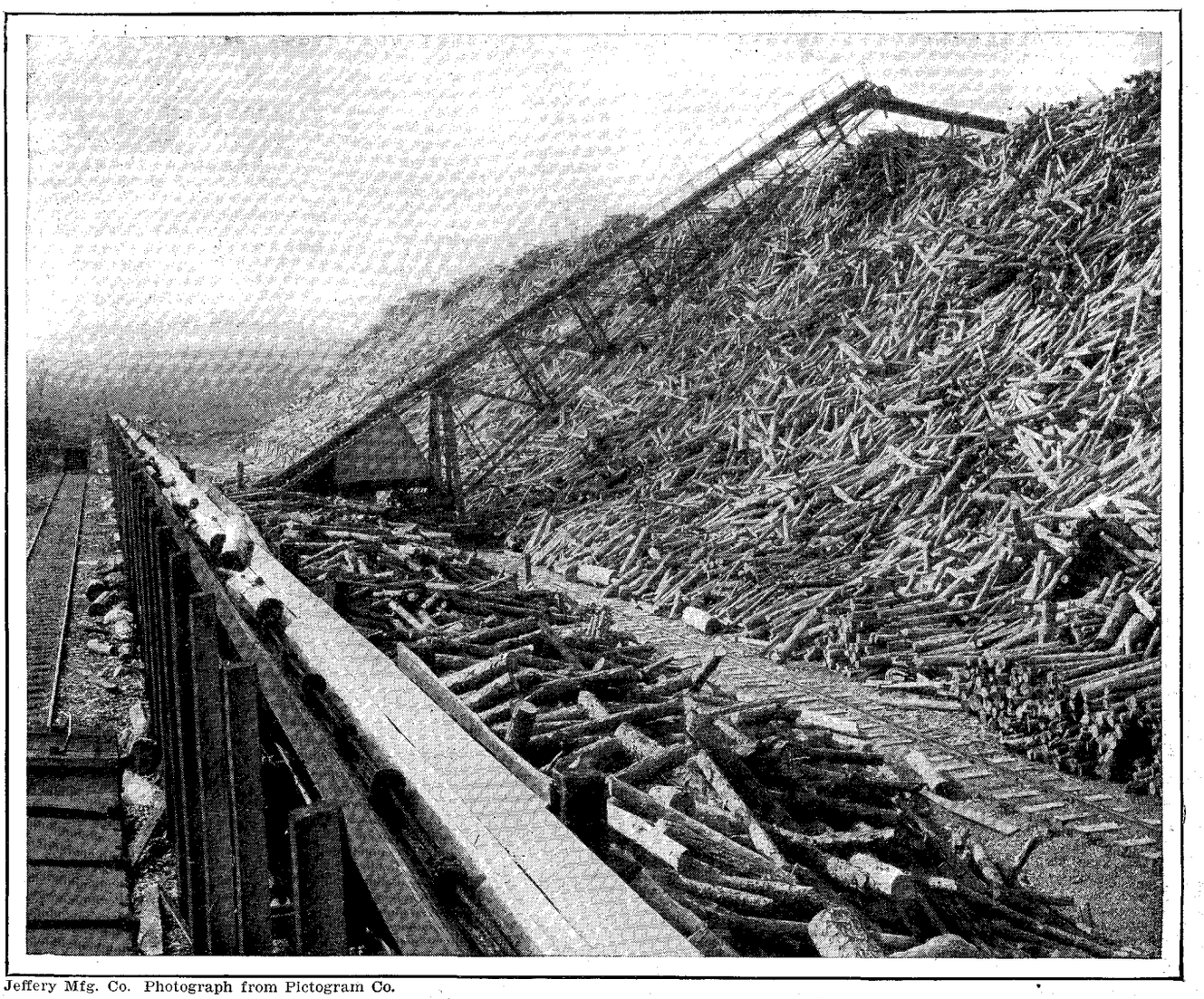

Jeffery Mfg. Co. Photograph from Pictogram Co.

Traveling Stacker Piling Pulpwood

This device rears a pile of pulpwood fifty feet high. When the pile reaches the desired height at one point, the stacker moves along on a track under its own power and resumes its task. Logs from the mill or railway cars are fed to the stacker by means of the cable conveyor, seen in the foreground. They drop through a valve upon another conveyor, which carries them to the top of the incline. A contrivance quite similar to this is used to build huge piles of coal in the great anthracite storage yards

Genii of Steel

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

EVEN the casual observer is aware that a rapid transition from manual to mechanical methods of handling goods and materials is now going on in this country. Yesterday, when we departed on a journey our baggage was trundled along the train platform on a hand truck. To-day a motor truck does the job. The baggageman has been promoted from draught animal to engineer. Within recent memory goods were shoved and shunted confusedly about most of our factories by an army of men and boys. Nowadays it is common to see them travel in orderly procession on endless belts or on strings of trucks drawn by tractors. Where such changes have been effected, one man performs with a negligible amount of muscular effort tasks that a dozen men formerly achieved by dint of back-breaking toil, and the "dignity of labor" has become, if not a reality, at least a possibility.

The new era of mechanical handling, which is now revolutionizing industry, was prodigiously slow in getting started, and, though its feats already startle us, is still in an early stage. The devices it utilizes are in their essentials far from new. Cranes, hoists, and derricks were known to the ancients. Conveyors identical in type with those that give an air of extreme modernity to our best-equipped factories were installed in American flour mills before the close of the eighteenth century. Worked by water power, they cut labor costs in half and speeded production. Oliver Evans, the mechanical wizard of his time, who introduced these appliances before the world was ready for them, published a book on the subject in the year 1795.

The shortage of man power that prevailed in the industries during the late war did more to generalize the use of material-handling machinery than all the preaching of experts during the previous

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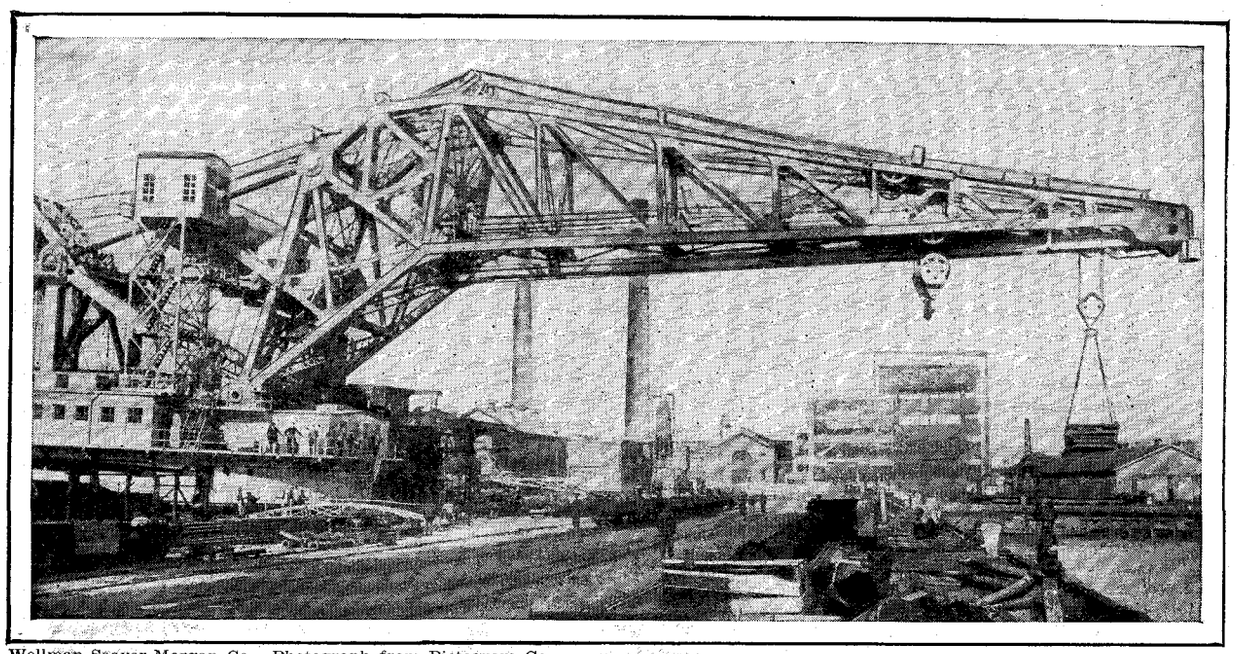
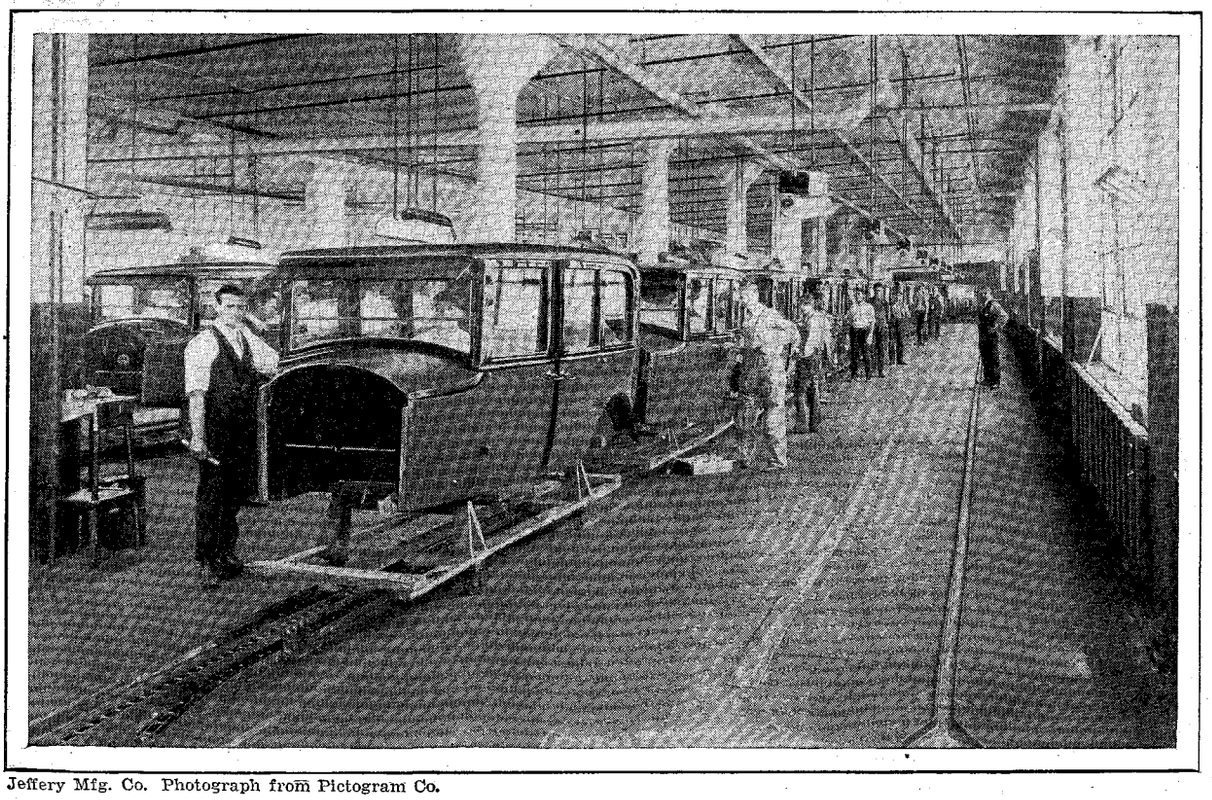


Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Co. Photograph from Pictogram Co.

U. S. Crane Ship Kearsarge

In 1920 the U. S. S. Kearsarge (second warship of the name) ceased to be a combatant unit of the Navy and became one of the three or four mightiest floating cranes in the world. The huge arm, or "jib," shown in the picture in a nearly horizontal position can be raised and lowered and also rotated around the point of support. It handles a load of 250 tons with a radius of 101 feet, and lighter loads, such as the one of 50 tons here shown, at a maximum distance of 173 feet from the center of rotation. Unlike other big floating cranes, the Kearsarge is seaworthy, and can be navigated from port to port under her own power. The United States Navy also owns the biggest crane on terra firma, one of 350 tons capacity, at the Philadelphia Navy Yard



Jeffery Mfg. Co. Photograph from Pictogram Co.

"Progressive Production" in the Factory

Probably no other type of machinery has wrought such changes or effected such economies of time and labor in manufacturing since the introduction of steam engines as the "conveyor" in its various forms. One of its manifold uses is to carry objects in course of production from one workman or one machine to another. At each stage of its progress through the factory the article undergoes a different operation until it becomes the finished product. The conveyor has conspired with the indoor motor truck and tractor to eliminate the muscular labor and the confusion involved in routing goods through the factory by man power

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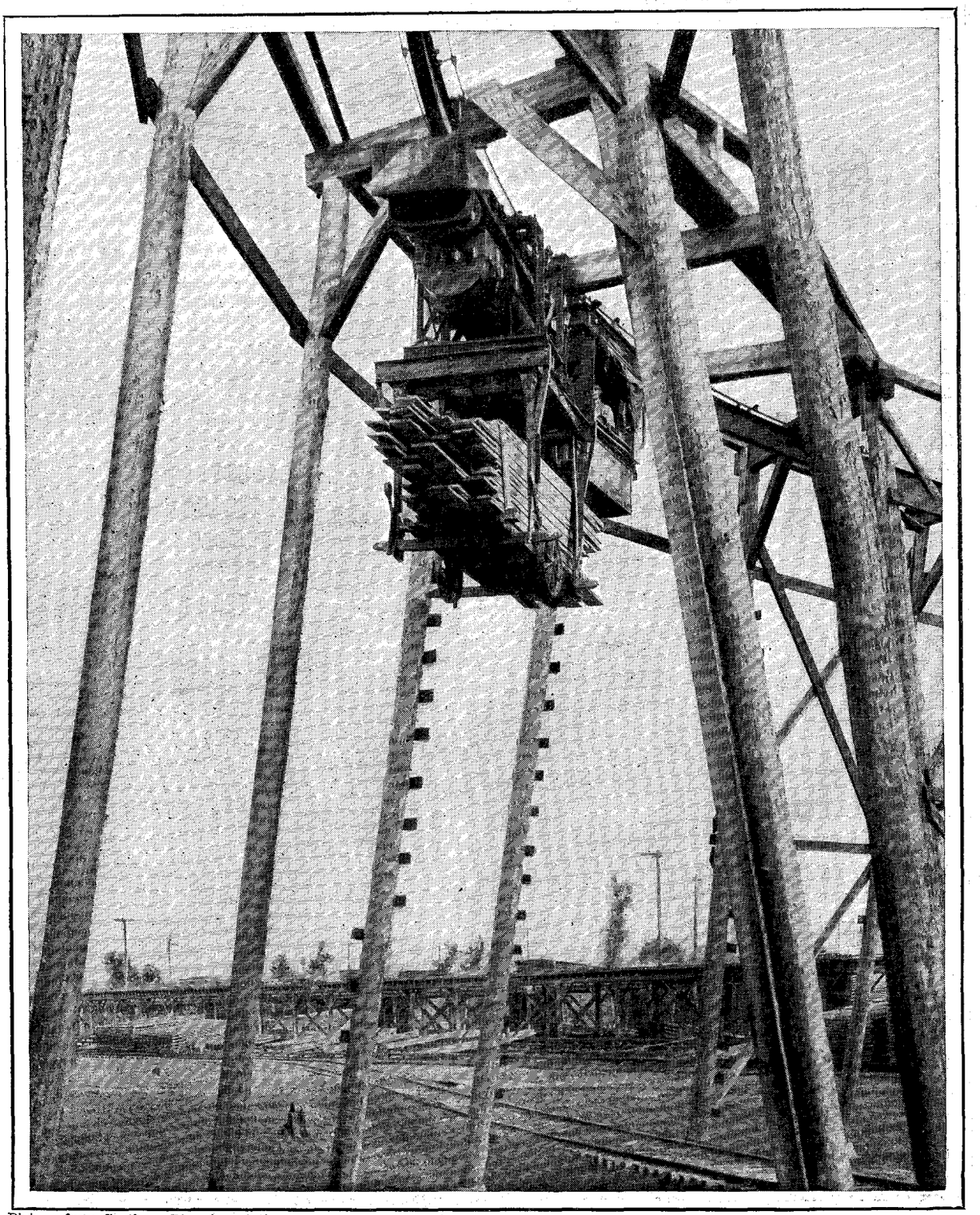

Picture from Southern Pine Association.

The Monorail Trolley in a Lumber Yard

Shortage of labor during the World War greatly stimulated the introduction of such muscle-saving devices in American industry

hundred years. Yet a survey carried out in the spring of 1920 showed that only five per cent of the potential demand for such machinery in the United States had been met up to that time. To this day most of our seaports, including New York, are a generation behind the principal ports of Europe in their cargo-handling equipment, and it is stated, on very recent authority, that antiquated methods of handling freight at American railway terminals and transfer points entail a needless expense of half a billion dollars a year.

The man with the wheelbarrow may be a less tragic symbol than the man with the hoe, but he is an economic anachronism that we cannot view with indifference. Somebody has estimated that sixty per cent of the average cost of all things bought and sold—the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the fuel we burn, and the various other necessities of daily life—is charged to material handling. The more widely machinery replaces muscle in this operation, the smaller will be this factor in the cost of living. Incidentally, a machine that never "loafs on the job," goes on strike, or needs Americanizing is, from the sociological point of view, a highly desirable substitute for unskilled immigrant labor.

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Cyrus Woods, All American

By GEORGE MARVIN

How the personality of one man, tried out in the earthquake disaster in Japan, has been able to absorb the shock of the Exclusion Act and thus render an invaluable service to the two nations—a practical example of true Americanism

CYRUS E. WOODS, American ex-Ambassador to Japan, is a symptom. If he could be multiplied by one thousand, made articulate, and despatched into the fastnesses of American misinformation, ignorance, and resulting prejudice to preach the gospel to every creature, there would be no American-Japanese problem. His is the practical formula of vertebrate peace on earth and a good will towards men which is not dependent upon the color of their skins or the accident of their geographical location. He believes that good intent is of little value unless it finds expression in acts rather than in phrases. This is his creed, because during his short but dramatic mission to the Orient he has discovered that it is the things of the spirit, and not, as is generally taken for granted, the material advantages of trade, which count most in international comity. Cyrus Woods ought not to be suffered to pass out of public attention and go back to a conscientious and devoted private life without due emphasis being laid on two remarkable accomplishments of his diplomatic career.

The Man of the Hour

THE first is this: Almost single-handed, and as a direct result of his services after the September earthquake, he acted as an effective shock-absorber during the far more serious national jar of the exclusion legislation. His personal popularity, admitted on all sides to be unprecedented, actually and visibly absorbed Japanese resentment, and thus, acting with the fiber of Japanese character under stress, as he had shared with the Japanese their great material catastrophe, undoubtedly saved "grave consequences" from becoming exceedingly grave during the trying weeks of April and May. In the history of American relations with the Empire three official representatives of the United States have touched the heart of Japan. Townsend Harris, our first Minister to the newly opened Empire of the Mikado, was one; Bingham, in 1873, was another. Both these Americans, at a time when the nation was threatened or deserted by the representatives of other Powers, stuck to their posts and to Japan, as Mr. Woods has done at a time of disaster and apparent desertion by his own country. But no American—no foreigner of any other nation—has ever touched the imagination of the Japanese masses as he has. The Japanese themselves, in every walk of life, tell you this.

An Unparalleled Tribute

THE second accomplishment is a reflection of his own personality, character, and service expressed in Japanese terms. It is a faithful and most impressive index of Japan's feeling towards him. Never in the history of Japan's foreign relations has any such appreciation, any even similar expression of esteem and downright affection, been accorded to a foreigner as Cyrus Woods has received during these last days of his memorable Embassy. It is rarely indeed that bread upon the waters comes back so abundantly in a man's lifetime. To be a witness of these ceremonies, to hear the spoken words, to feel the genuine emotion of crowds and great personages of an Oriental nation bred in reserve through centuries, makes one believe in the onward progress of mankind; makes one hopeful, against the pessimistic facts, and even confident of the Pacific future. If one man can do so much, what could an enlightened nation accomplish in this world?

As these lines are being written the city of Tokyo is *en fête* for the Imperial wedding celebrations in honor of the Prince Regent and his Princess. Miles of red and white bunting, Japanese flags with their vivid red circle in a white field, flowers everywhere, streamers, and colored-paper lanterns transform the streets and hide the devastation and ugliness of the earthquake's doing. Before the gateways to the Akasaka and the Kyujo Imperial palaces and the wide entrances to Uyeno and Hybia Parks enormous pylons and pillars thatched with green, arcades, and gigantic pergolas have been built. And through these noble ways all Imperial and official Japan, in their best trappings, in uniforms of army, Court, and navy, the most gorgeous national and European gowns of the fairest women, "ride in triumph through Persepolis" to banquets and receptions. For the first time since last September, ten months ago, Japan and the Imperial city of Tokyo rejoice and, forgetting their sorrows, are gay once more.

Last night thirty thousand of the Young Men's Society paraded through the streets and, in intense silence, laid the corner-stone of their new building—itself a prophetic shrine of Young Japan—at the Meiji shrine of Old Japan. The sky to-day is spotted with smoke shells exploding and the air is electric with patriotism and that very definite thrill for the Imperial household for which we in the United States have no equivalent except in religion. The Prince Regent is enormously popular with Young Japan, popular as none of his predecessors have been. For the Mikados hitherto the popular feeling has been almost entirely religious, devotional. For the Prince Regent, with his democracy, his concern for his people and their interests, the old religious emotion has been qualified by a more human allegiance. He is not a potentate apart, to be worshiped afar off. He is their Prince and sovereign; of, by, and for them. He is Japan.

Accordingly one would think that at such a time there could be no room for other considerations. But it has seemed through this Imperial holiday week that the American Ambassador was actually part of the celebration. Much of it has been in his honor. The unprecedented attention he has received officially, privately, and popularly has found expression throughout the preparations for this national festival and during its observance. He and Mrs. Woods have lunched *en famille* with the Empress, the Prince and Princess Regent. Always heretofore when the Imperial household has issued an invitation it is taken as a polite command and other engagements vanish away. In this case, for the first time on record, the Prince Regent sent his chamberlain to inquire beforehand what would be for the American Ambassador a convenient day and time to come. Mr. Woods and his wife were the particular guests of honor at the most imposing of the Imperial banquets held in the Em-

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peror's palace, singled out by their Majesties for marked attention.

When an ambassador resigns his post or is recalled, it is customary in every capital to give him farewell dinners, luncheons, and receptions which are generally of a perfunctory nature, with wearisome formalities and conventional, boresome speeches. These occasions for Mr. Woods have in every case been unique because of the very evident emotional quality of them. They have not been comfortable. They have been memorable; they have been very significant. And the thing one can't get over is this: that such genuine, unmistakably heartfelt manifestations of respect and real affection should have been accorded the official representative of a foreign Government immediately after that same Government had willfully handed the Japanese what these Oriental but human people, this centuries-old Imperial Government, rightly or wrongly regard as a deliberate insult. It will profit whoever reads carefully the chronicle of these days to stop for a moment and consider thoughtfully an occurrence such as this.

As Mr. Woods himself said in his parting address to the America-Japan Society, a social organization devoted to constructive relations, which is now jointly and severally wondering if its usefulness is not finished, he "came to Japan;" he "was not sent." This is the exact truth. When Ambassador Morris three years ago resigned from the Tokyo post, and John Hays Hammond felt obliged to decline President Harding's offer of the Ambassadorship, Cyrus Woods, then American Ambassador to Spain, cabled and wrote from Madrid asking for the transfer. Of all posts in the American diplomatic service, he most desired the Tokyo billet because of the opportunities it held out for constructive work, for firmly cementing the new relations so auspiciously begun at the Washington Conference. He arrived in Yokohama on Friday, July 13, almost a year ago. For him it was to prove a portentous date. On the very next day the Four-Power Naval Treaty was ratified, an event which the Japanese Premier characterized as "a great contribution to the welfare of mankind."

The Background of His Career

UP to the time he put foot ashore in Japan Cyrus Woods had been a rock-ribbed Pennsylvania machine Republican, a court lawyer, and office-holder. In his public utterances for better and bigger causes now one can easily detect the mannerisms, the intonation, of the jury spellbinder. He had prospered

Wide World Photos

Cyrus E. Woods

in politics and in the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh practice of the law. He became a member of the State Senate, and afterwards President of that body. Later he held office as Secretary of State for Pennsylvania and was a hard-working and effective National Committeeman. He owed his appointment as Ambassador to Spain to nothing more than political influence and *quid pro quo*. He was a deserving Republican. And he had sufficient means of his own to supplement the meager stipend on which Congress expects our Ministers and Ambassadors to live and maintain the dignity of the United States in foreign countries. (In which connection compare the published letters of Walter Hines Page, who suffered while he served his country in London.)

In Spain his service was colorless, without particular incident or credit. But as things came to pass in Japan, Woods, as though predestined, struck the circumstances and events with which he was by temperament and experience peculiarly qualified to deal. Without fortuitous acts of God, he would, in the ordinary course of diplomatic experience, have made his impression and achieved an average success. The earthquake made him. Always hereafter he will be an outstanding, bright figure in the somewhat somber field of American-Japanese relations during this generation. In his makeup heart counts more than head. Tradition or precedent means little or nothing in his life. Action, and credit duly given for action, mean everything. He values the record. He loves the limelight, prospers in it, greets it with his engaging smile. Impetuous, sympathetic, sound at bottom nevertheless in his subconscious mind, personal glory is an urge. He does not believe in hiding his light under a bushel. A more careful diplomat of the old school would have missed his great opportunity when the Japanese world seemed coming to an end on September 1, 1923. Woods jumped at it.

Japan will always remember that in her hours of direst need and perplexity, among all the representatives of foreign governments on her shores, the only one who stuck to his post was the Ambassador of the United States. It was Saturday noon when the earthquake came, at the end of the dull hot summer season. It is no more than fair to say that most of the other ambassadors and ministers with their staffs were out of the city in summer residences or for the week-end. Those who were caught in the city scrambled out as fast as possible, and those who were out made no haste to return. This is not invidious; it is a matter of record. Cyrus Woods not only remained at his post; he took off his coat and pitched in to do something to help.

In the Midst of Disaster

ON Sunday morning, while Tokyo blazed around him, through the courtesy of the Japanese Admiralty, requested and given, he sent out by wireless three peremptory calls for help: to the State Department, to General Wood in Manila, and, through the Legation in Peking, to the Commander of the United States Asiatic Fleet, then off the China coast. All shore wireless and cable communications were broken, and Yokohama and Tokyo, cut off from the world, blazed and shook in their particular hell. We speak glibly now of *the* earthquake. But in the twelve hours between noon of Saturday, the first of September, and midnight of the same day, while Woods was coding and arranging to send his radio calls to be relayed by the Japanese warships which had remained intact in Tokyo Bay, no less than 222 distinct quakes rocked the ruined cities and paralyzed most of their millions of people. On the following day 323 more earth-

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quake shocks might have seemed to any one of the bewildered sufferers sufficient excuse for abandoning effort. The Ambassador's wire to the Peking Legation read:

> For C. in C. Asiatic Fleet. Yokohama completely destroyed, Tokyo in ruins. Please send relief ships at once.
>
> WOODS.

Admiral Anderson, lying that day off Chefoo with his flagship, intercepted the radio and, without waiting for instructions from the Navy Department, at once began laying in supplies, ordering the rest of his destroyer squadron at Dairen to do likewise. It was thus that the Japanese in Manchuria first heard of their national disaster. On the 4th and 5th, loaded to the guards with food and hospital supplies and ignoring the possible effect of the earthquake on the coast and harbor channels, the American destroyers came foaming into Yokohama Bay with the first help from the outside world. In the meantime, his Embassy a heap of smoking ruins, Woods on Monday, the 3d, had moved his personnel into the recently completed Imperial Hotel—which had miraculously stood intact—and there, in the right wing of this extraordinary building, the American Embassy remains to this day. A relief section under Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Burnett, the military attaché, was immediately organized and went into action while still the ground rocked underfoot and no one knew what was coming next.

In Shanghai Brigadier-General Frank McCoy and Colonel Langhorne, bound from leave back to duty in Manila, intercepted the radio for General Wood and immediately spun around in their tracks, without waiting for orders, and headed back on a relief ship for Tokyo. And one by one the members of the Embassy staff—secretaries, clerks, military and naval attachés, and "language-leave" officers—walking in over the quaking ground (all transportation was shot to pieces), swimming rivers, surviving all obstacles, came back to the stench of the burning city and reported for duty. Sense of responsibility? Yes. But every man wanted "to be in it." It is a performance for which every American ought to feel a thrill of pride. It was a typically American performance, the Americanism that Japan can understand.

What happened after that is matter of general knowledge. A rehearsal of the details would have no particular value now. But Woods, and the Embassy staff that his example inspired, went through that terrific ordeal with the Japanese, and thus riveted a friendship which could not possibly have grown from the usual diplomatic experience of embassies. Through Woods's tact and good sense the tremendous response of American charity, genuinely touched, was directed to relief through Japanese channels, thus avoiding the inevitable irritation of too much outside officiousness. The Ambassador doesn't deserve all the credit. Colonel Burnett, with eight years' residence in Japan and a knowledge of the language and customs, was a tower of strength. Admiral Anderson lived up to the highest traditions of the American Navy. Every man did his share. But not the least of Cyrus Woods's assets is his ability to direct and co-ordinate the work of his subordinates. His combination of qualities is one that makes for strength under fire. He ruled his staff with a severe hand, and not always kindly, but he got their utmost in service. And all Samurai Japan, seeing and comprehending these things, stood up and saluted, man to man.

What He Salvaged

IT is not too much to say that but for his personal prestige and friendship, won thus under fire, together with the national gratitude intimately associated with and even attributed to him, the effect of the Exclusion Act in Japan would have been far more "grave." Every one here, the Japanese and the American residents, know this. If American-Japanese relations survive this moral and spiritual shock in anything approaching the spirit in which the earthquake has already been survived, the credit must go, more than to any other one man, to Cyrus Woods. He has given the Japanese people a demonstration of what Americanism really is. He has backed up words by convincing acts. By his good works Japan knows him. Japan trusts him now as he takes his homeward way.

But the American Ambassador goes back to private life a deeply disappointed man. When Congress kicked this thing into the street, they kicked his personal property, the patient work of his own heart and hands, the crown of his public career. He feels that whatever good he had accomplished together with American charity and the enduring effect of the Washington Conference—which Premier Hara said "was called by God through President Harding"—has now been nullified.

In the garden of the Princess Takeda, favorite daughter of the Meiji Empress, surrounding the spacious European villa given to Mr. Woods by her when he was homeless in September, we walk up and down winding paths in the sunshine of a June morning while the retiring Ambassador says what he really thinks.

"We had it all in our hands," he says, "and we have deliberately and wantonly thrown it away. Here was Japan in the most strategic position in the Orient—geographically, economically, militarily, politically. The only organized nation in the East. You might say, the only nation in the East. And by the process of events this nation has become and in complete sincerity wants to remain our friend, patterns her Occidental growth and more abundant life on us, believes in us, is looking forward to continuing relations of mutual benefit, and—we chuck the whole thing overboard. They came more than half-way. They chose cooperation rather than competition and welcomed at last, as the solution of many questions that had vexed them for a generation, the rational idea of Pan-Pacific union. They actually believed what we said. Putting it merely as a matter of policy, on no higher grounds, why hopelessly alienate a friendly Power, disarmed by disaster and gratitude, just when they most need a friendly manifestation of spirit and a helping hand? I confess I'm utterly unable to see it. I can't follow the reasoning—if there has been any reasoning.

"Mark what I tell you." The Ambassador stops, pushes his hat on the back of his head, and emphasizes each word with a monitory finger. "It's all right about the restraint and the wonderful discipline these people are showing. But this thing will never be forgotten. It goes deep. This is a historic moment in our Pacific relations, and its motive force is backward."

Thursday, June 5, was a national holiday in Japan, and the entire population of Tokyo thronged out into the streets. The American Ambassador left that day with his wife and her mother to board his steamer in Yokohama. Ten thousand Japanese packed the broad plaza in front of the Tokyo station and jammed the station itself. When the Embassy car appeared and slowly made its way to the entrance, such a yell went up from that crowd as was almost terrifying in its pent-up force. As the bareheaded man stepped out and with the Counselor Jefferson Cafferey started to assist the ladies into the station, the crowd broke through the police lines and surged round the party, waving their flags and cheering with "Banzais" and incoherent cries. The thousands became a mob through which it was difficult to force a way for the American party. Many faces were distorted with emotion and streaked with tears. Whatever Japan may think hereafter about the United States, it is clear what the Japanese think about Cyrus Woods, American.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

President Roosevelt—oarsman

Rowing and Roosevelt

By James A. Ten Eyck

THERE isn't a boy who comes to college who hasn't played some land game. He has been on the "prep" school basketball team or has played high school football or has been pinch hitter for the "Never Sweats;" but there isn't one boy in a hundred who has ever pulled an oar. The public really knows very little about rowing. It most often thinks of the oarsman's training as something unnatural; it is apt to exaggerate its hardships and minimize its pleasures.

To be sure, there is a certain amount of physical hardship. In fact, the rower's physical sensations are more pronounced and varied than those of any other athlete. The rowing game is not the game for any fellow who is hypersensitive to physical discomfort. I say to the freshmen every year, "You will have more peculiar feelings as an oarsman than you ever had before." Some one asked me the other day where an oarsman gets tiredest, and I replied: "All over. Your back aches, your heart aches, your finger nails ache, the roots of your hair ache. That is, if you are in condition and can row yourself out." But fancy, if you please, the lure of the sport which sends a man to the locker room, puts him into rowing togs which do not offer much protection in the way of padding, and starts him out on a six or eight mile row. Your blood has to be pretty rich in the right kind of corpuscles, I say; and I have known and loved the game for fifty years, and still find it my greatest pleasure and best source of health.

But, after all, the sort of training that makes good oarsmen makes good men, for manliness and oarsmanship have much in common—and you can't have the latter without the former.

In the first place, the oarsman is in contact with one of nature's mightiest elements. It takes the whole worth of a man to match himself against tides and currents and water's resistless power. An oarsman cannot be a coward or a weakling. He must know the element in which he toils, and, knowing, he is not afraid. One who knows water and knows boats comes to look upon them

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both as possessed of life, even personality. They are forces to be mastered, not by sheer force, but by understanding. "Know thyself" has a peculiar significance for the oarsman; and only second comes the command, "Know the course and the craft."

One of the first things I say to the rookies is: "If you want to succeed as an oarsman, there is one thing you must discard at the start. That is a grouch. You can't find a shell, or a fishing scow, for that matter, which is built strong enough to float you and a grouch." Harmony, rhythm, concerted action—team-work—win the game. One must be ready to give up whims and prejudices for the sake of principle and method. The long, hard grind, the physical training, is not the whole story, you see.

As a matter of fact, with all the drudgery and sacrifice and suffering there is a lot of fun in the making of an oarsman. You could not keep a squad of college boys together and not develop an *esprit de corps* and rare good comradeship, even if you wanted to, and no "grad spree" or commencement revel is complete without a generous mixture of reminiscences of the crew. For the past twenty years I have sat the night before the race on the Hudson and talked over rowing days with some former "Husky" or "Cap" or "Tiny" or "Tip." The one recurring theme is that of good fellowship, the friendliness that outlives college days and stretches on into middle age, a remembrance of good days well spent—not all serious and not all frivolous, but, like life itself, with a generous mixture of each.

Some of the most gratifying experiences of my whole life, and surely some of the most touching, have come to me through association with former college crew men who went to the front for Uncle Sam. Every man in my championship 1916 crew received an officer's commission; all were gallant soldiers, and Lieutenant "Pete" Wallace lies somewhere on Flanders Field. There is in my possession a little packet of letters, each "passed by the censor" and marked "Officer's Mail." Each letter came straight from a manly heart in sincerest mood. I never felt so proud and so humble as when I read in the letter of a major who had once been a crew captain these words: "We don't know what minute Fritz may drop a bomb in our midst. In these days it seems to me I can hear your voice shouting to us over the course, 'Be ready! Go through clean!' and all I hope is that when it's over I can hear you say, as you used to, 'It's all right, boys. You rowed to suit me,' only it will be fighting this time instead of rowing."

Not all my pleasant associations have been with college men on my crews. It was at the end of the Intercollegiate Regatta in 1908, when the Syracuse crew, with my boy, Jim, at stroke, swept across the finish line a winner, with Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Cornell in their wake, that the Sultana, a mammoth white steam yacht belonging to the great railway magnate, E. H. Harriman, was the finish boat. I was busy getting our racing shells ready to be shipped back to Onondaga Lake when, to my surprise, the Sultana let go her anchor off the Syracuse boat-house and a tender brought Mr. Harriman and his two sons ashore. The result of this interview was that, at Mr. Harriman's invitation, I spent the remainder of the summer at Arden teaching the Harriman boys to row.

I count that summer's experience among the finest of a lifetime, for Mr. Harriman was a prince of a man as well as a king of finance. I was frequently amazed at the sweep of a mind which had found time to become acquainted with many of the intricate details of the sport I love. He knew a great deal about both the theory and practice of rowing, and would talk to me by the hour as we sat on the balcony of his boat-house at Forest Lake.

It was in the spring of 1917 that I built a boat and fared forth to adventure, and thus met Colonel Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill. I might say, before I begin this story, that I often start off in a rowboat in this fashion. Every fall after my coaching season is done I take a little exercise "for conscience' sake." Sometimes I start at Syracuse and end up in New York. Two years ago my wife and I rowed from New York to Philadelphia. I do it because I love to row, and it is this love of the sport I try to teach the young fellows under my charge. If I didn't believe in it, I should not have taught it to my sons—and they could row almost as soon as they could walk.

To get back to my story—there was never a small boy who wasn't an explorer. My earliest recollection is of the day when I set out to see the world. That strange thing called *Wanderlust* overtook me, and I built a boat out of a chunk of kindling wood, a nail, and a piece of string, and fared forth to great adventures, the first of many by water and land. Our lives are a series of repetitions, and the grown man has many of the boy's proclivities. As I said, it was in the spring of 1917, the same *Wanderlust* having overtaken me, that I built a boat of good strong oak and ash and cedar, and fared forth again to adventures by water and by land.

The Barge Canal had just been opened from Oswego to the Hudson River. I procured a permit to pass through the locks, and, with "my determinate voyage mere expectancy," I started out to see the world. One Saturday morning in June I left Syracuse, and on the next Saturday I pulled my boat out on the float at the Columbia Boat-House at New York City. It had been a wonderful week. I met old friends along the route and made new ones. I had kept my own counsel and my destination to myself, but some ubiquitous reporter with an unusually keen nose for news had spied my boat at Albany, recognized it as a stranger, made inquiries, and written me up, picture and all.

The article was given rather wide circulation, and eventually it brought me by way of enjoying one of the most interesting and unique hours in my experience. A letter from Colonel Roosevelt reached me in New York a little later in the season, asking me to come to Sagamore Hill. I had always been an ardent admirer of the Colonel, and I was proud and glad to meet him in his own home. He began by asking me about my family, and when I told him that I had four children he said: "That's fine. How are they divided up?"

"A girl and three boys," I replied.

"Bully," he said. "You and I come from good old Dutch stock, and I am interested in seeing it kept up."

He said he had read of my rowboat trip, and wanted to ask me about boats and rowing. He said he liked to row, did row a good deal, and often took Mrs. Roosevelt out with him on Oyster Bay. But he said he rarely ever saw other people rowing, and asked me why it was. We both agreed that gasoline had put the oars out of business. But he agreed with me too that rowing was the best of exercises, and deeply regretted that he had not had time to do more of it. He asked me to describe my boat, saying he knew I wouldn't start out for a three-hundred-mile row unless my boat was rigged "comfortable." Now the Colonel had struck upon the most important thing in oarsmanship, and one so often overlooked. The machine you do your work in must be the most comfortable for you. We had a long, interesting chat about boats and rowing and various forms of exercise, and I treasure as one of my choicest memories this meeting with one of the world's greatest men.

I suggested above that gasoline has practically succeeded human power in propelling small boats. Throughout the course of my trip from Syracuse to New York I encountered almost no one in a rowboat. Certainly no one who was of my same mood and mind. In my youth the river was full of boatmen, all of them

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capable and efficient at the oars. When the shad-fishing season opened, fleets of boats numbering from a half-dozen to fifty put out from almost every village, town, or city, all the way from New York to Catskill. I do not wish to be understood as deploring the passing of the boatman as an active agent in commercial and industrial pursuits. His passing is as logical as and no more to be deplored than the passing of the cabby and his ambling horse. But the thing I do regret is that rowing as an exercise is so rapidly becoming obsolete.

So many years of my life were spent upon the Hudson and so much were the old steamboat days a joyous experience and a gracious memory that it is always with an increasing sense of loneliness and loss that I look upon the modern intensive commercialism of the river. As a young man I was a member of the Harbor Police of New York, when our patrol took in all of New York Harbor from the Narrows to Spuyten Duyvil Creek and up the East River to Long Island Sound. Imagine, if you please, twenty-five men divided into sections—never over six on patrol at the same time—and two rowboats to police New York's water-front! But we saw life, and lived it too.

I always loved to row. Even when I was tired almost to death, still the river was full of glamour and romance. To tow joyously behind the Mary Powell (the Queen of the Hudson) was of itself a thrill that came, not only once in a lifetime, but frequently. But to-day when I offer my tow line to a steamboat pilot he thinks I am a novice and ignores me. In the old days the steamboat pilot and the man in the rowboat knew and understood each other.

I love sometimes, even now, to get into midstream and feel the rip of the racing tide, the rush, the swing of it: But even in these moments of exhilaration I am possessed of a sense of melancholy for the good old days that are gone. The towboat and the barges, the railways, municipal ferry, and gasoline have banished the oars and the sail. Gallant days gone by—strenuous, wild sometimes, and even wicked, but gallant always.

What the American Legion is Doing

By JOHN R. QUINN

ABOUT two years ago, members of the American Legion doing a little quiet investigating made a tragic discovery.

They found hundreds of children, whose fathers had either been killed or died while in the military service, lacking in the necessities of life. They found widows of men who died during the war struggling futilely to keep a home together. They found wives of disabled veterans staggering under economic loads too weighty for their feeble strength.

It dawned upon the Legionnaires that the Nation engrossed in the work of finding a way back to pre-war conditions had neglected to care for the fatherless waifs of war.

These children were being punished by lack of childhood privileges and advantages simply because their fathers had made the supreme sacrifice. It did not seem possible that a grateful country would tolerate such a condition. Yet the Nation was doing just that—is, in fact, still neglecting them.

Something had to be done, and that immediately, for it is a monstrous injustice to take a man's life to protect his country and fail to care for that man's family.

As an institution of service, the American Legion recognized its duty. Without any blaring of trumpets it voted at the National Convention in New Orleans in 1922 to assume the obligation of providing for these helpless fatherless children. Because it did not shrill its decision from the housetops, and because alleviation of the miseries of war orphans is not news in the accepted use of the term, the activities of the Legion in this direction are not known. For that reason I have chosen to begin this article for The Outlook with a chronicle of what the Legion has done to meet this problem, in the hope that the people of our Nation will realize the debt owing to the helpless widows and orphans of men gallant enough to die for their country.

Keystone

John R. Quinn, of California, Commander of the American Legion

A fairly accurate survey of the country disclosed the fact that 5,000 war orphans were in need of more tender care. Experts who have worked on the problem say that within ten years there will be 35,000 war waifs. So, in preparing to care for the children of its dead buddies, the Legion had to consider future expansion of any present machinery.

This it has done. Our Children's Welfare Committee has developed a comprehensive scheme. The country is divided into segments each one of which will, as time passes, have a regional billet to care for the orphans of the States in that locality. Work to that end has already been begun. At Otter Lake, Michigan, is American Legion Billet No. One, now caring for twenty-eight children and expanding rapidly. The Legion recently acquired title to a 400-acre tract in Independence, Kansas, where Legion Billet No. Two will be erected. A trust fund of $100,000 has been raised to assure completion of the project. These billets are not institutions—not orphanages—but are real homes where the poor little children will get every advantage their fathers would have given them had their lives been spared on American battlefields.

But that is not the whole story. Many widows who loathe the idea of putting their children from them wish to keep the homes together. The Legion recognizes this just desire, and affords aid to help them do so. Other children have been placed with childless couples who have adopted them and given them the love and tender care rightfully theirs.

As time passes and the need grows, other billets will be constructed. The Legion has assumed the obligation and will continue to carry on.

What the Legion has done for the war

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orphans is a concrete example of the Legion's aims and ideals.

It is an institution of service, and throughout the United States where the Legion's 11,000 posts are actively at work you will find it considered a community asset; whenever there is a community problem you will find the blue and gold of the Legion colors in the vanguard.

The problem of obtaining adequate care for disabled veterans has engrossed the Legion for five years, and its achievements to that end are common knowledge. The guardianship of the disabled will always be the first obligation of the Legion, and the work begun when the Legion alone brought about the creation of the Veterans' Bureau will never cease. At the San Francisco Convention more than eighty resolutions were passed dealing with the problems of rehabilitation and hospitalization.

The Legion did more than resolve. The resolutions were expressed in an omnibus bill drawn up by the Legion's National Legislative Committee and presented to Congress. Hearings have been conducted before the House Committee on Veteran Affairs, a committee which the Legion fought two years to have created. The truth is that Congress now looks to the Legion for guidance in legislating for disabled veterans, a mark of confidence we have earned by our five years of unflagging effort. In that effort the Legion has spent, through its National, State, and local organizations, more than $10,000,000 in the interests of the disabled.

The one goal which the Legion has not yet reached is the passage of a universal draft act. But let me say in passing that the Legion will never rest content until such a law is upon the statute-books of the Nation.

The universal draft act is the Legion's effort to put war on an equable basis of sacrifice. In 1917 we saw one man drafted at thirty dollars a month to risk his life. We saw an equally good potential soldier get fifteen dollars a day for fabricating the rifle that the soldier used. And the manufacturer who owned the plant might be making $1,500 a day. This was manifestly unjust. To put the matter bluntly, the ex-service men who comprise the Legion believe that modern war has developed a modern form of loot—the money to be made out of buying low and selling high to a government desperately in need.

Wars are no longer fought between professional armies—but are wars between peoples; whole nations are involved. Such being the case, no one group of people should make the sacrifice to save all the people. If all the Nation benefits, all the Nation should share the sacrifices equally. The Legion's resolution declared that *all* the men, *all* the money, and *all* the material should be subject to draft by the Nation in time of emergency without profit. Hence a soldier getting thirty dollars a month knows that a shipyard worker is getting thirty dollars a month; and that the manufacturer is not getting any more proportionately.

This programme is part of the Legion's contribution to the effort to prevent wars; for I am of the opinion that if you take out of the lottery of war its biggest prize—money—then you have removed a cause of war. The bill for a universal draft now before both branches of Congress was drafted practically in its entirety by the Legion; and in spite of the opposition of some elements of business and industry, we shall never stop fighting for it until it becomes a law.

I have said that the Legion was a community service worker. Through its Americanism Commission it endeavors to promote any activity likely to improve the community and the Nation. Our achievements here have been noteworthy. We called attention to the menace of illiteracy, and the recently appointed National Illiteracy Commission has three Legionnaires serving on it. National Education Week, which we initiated, annually carries the news of illiteracy's dangers into every hamlet. We sponsor and assist the Boy Scout movement; hundreds of posts have adopted troops in the belief that no better method of bringing about a better America could be found than in educating the youth of the Nation to its future responsibilities. Then there is the National Essay contest, which stimulates school-children to do research and study the problems now facing the Nation. The Legion owns millions of dollars' worth of club-houses and property which it offers for use to communities. We are a nationalistic organization, and unalterably opposed to all forms of radicalism which contemplate the overthrow of our Government by revolution.

We oppose unrestricted immigration, but take pride in the fact that through our efforts thousands of aliens, studying in schools maintained by the Legion, have been taught American ideals and principles.

We endeavor to promote international friendships. Our membership in the Fédération Interalliée des Anciens Combattants has cemented the eternal friendships of fighting men. Our aims and ideals can be summed up in one sentence: The American Legionnaire serves his country in peace as he did in war, unselfishly and wholeheartedly.

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The Book Table

The Radio Pastor

A Review by P. W. WILSON

NEW YORK has been called the graveyard of preachers. In a city so huge and so noisy with material clatter none save the clearest and the most compelling of voices can be heard. Still, even in New York there is an apostolic succession, and Dr. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, carries forward the broad and virile message once delivered to the saints by Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott. Over the radio he has reached an audience a thousand times vaster than any of which they dreamed; and in the pulpit his large and muscular presence, his easy control of phrase and elocution, his good sense and thorough scholarship, have won and retained an affectionate gratitude.

We now have his latest book—"Christianity and the State"[1]—consisting of the lectures which he addressed to the Pacific School of Religion at Berkeley, in California. It is a book so good that, in a sense, it would have been better if it had been worse. As Bacon has it, reading makes a full man. Dr. Cadman's reading, his allusions, his array of facts, his antitheses, are at times bewildering in their very abundance. His industry is as deliberate as it is honorable. He has set himself definitely to break down the restrictions of a narrow Protestantism and let in the breezy atmosphere of historic truth. In handling the struggles which have afflicted the Church and State, whether during the Middle Ages or in the later eras, Dr. Cadman proceeds on the principle that to know all is to forgive all. He shows how, in these controversies, all sides were wrong and all sides were right. From the arena of prejudice he enters his library, summons witnesses from the shelves, and so arrives at what the Greeks called "charity." His book is thus a debate. And Dr. Cadman is the Speaker in the Chair, who sees to it that the language even of theologians is parliamentary.

It has been said that no writer can be a real success as orator, and that no orator can be a real success as writer. Who to-day reads Gladstone? And who to-day would listen to that "dinner bell of the House of Commons," Edmund Burke? Dr. Cadman has it in him to give the world a masterpiece of the essayist's art. If in this case he has fallen short to some degree of himself, the reason is that the world expects too much of its most useful men. To have spoken as often as Dr. Cadman speaks and to write as well as he does are miracles of achievement. But he would have written better had he been permitted to speak less frequently. His fault is not triviality. Nor is it a diffuse flood of verbiage. To this book one may pay the rare compliment that it is not too long. The trouble is that, for its length, it is too rich in its material. Every page yields a reward, but what is the ultimate objective? After one has read about emperors and popes and reformers, what is it that Dr. Cadman advises one to "do to be saved"? Amid his inspiring elaboration where lurks his final simplicity?

If I understand it aright, never has there been a simplicity more simple. Though a Free Churchman, Dr. Cadman is in reality a Catholic. He is a Catholic in the true and inclusive sense of that word. He stands for the unity of mankind. And by the unity of mankind he means, not a phrase, but a fact. To him it is what *real politik* was to Bismarck. It is the most practical of all ideals. And without it there is ruin.

In Dr. Cadman's conception of unity there is a certain unusual quality. To put the case in one word, he is comprehensive. He sees life whole. Many of us have talked about the reunion of Christendom. Many of us have advocated a League of Nations. Many of us have longed for copartnership between capital and labor within a nation. But not many of us have envisaged these aims as a part of one embracing conciliation of churches, nations, and classes. Not many of us have seen mankind as mankind was seen before the confusion of Babel. And this is the deep, wide, generous examination of human affairs which we owe to Dr. Cadman's masterly courage. For the bitterness that divides Catholic from Protestant, the French from the German, the East from the West, the Past from the Present, the Church from the State—he has no use. Life, sacred, secular, national, international, is life, one and indivisible. Life is catholic, universal, everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. What Dr. Cadman wants to see is Jerusalem rebuilt; a Holy Roman Empire that shall enfold all peoples; the idea of a Church Universal is, he thinks, the right idea; a Church Universal is needed as the only adequate influence by which may be inspired the secular authority.

The book is thus an appeal to antiquity. As it seeks to bridge the gaps between churches and nations of our own day, so does it bridge the gaps between our own day and earlier eras. About the Reformation Dr. Cadman cherishes no narrow or harsh illusions. For him it has ceased to be a passage from utter darkness to entire dawn. The Middle Ages were not wholly ignorant. And Puritanism was not wholly enlightened. In our praise and our blame there must be a discrimination. And, in the main, we must be ready to admit the failures even in our most enthusiastic progress.

Under Dr. Cadman's analysis there is evolved a new relation between the orthodox and the heretic. The idea that one is right and that the other is wrong gives way before the idea that both are phenomena. He sees that the inner struggle to-day proceeds between those who must have authority and those who will have only inquiry. The authority may be the Bible, or the Pope, or the Pope interpreting the Bible; that is not the main point. What really divides Christendom is the line between any authority at all in religion and no authority at all. And it is just here that Dr. Cadman's very impartiality may, perhaps, arouse criticism. The difficulty with dogma has always been that dogma closes an open question. Take the latest declared dogmas of the Roman Church—the Immaculate Conception and the Infallibility of the Pope. One hundred years ago a Roman Catholic could argue these matters, either on one side or on the other. To-day he must accept the verdict of his Church. To me, inclined as I am to conservatism in religion, you may accept or you may reject the miracles, but I have decided for myself which it is to be. How are we to be certain of our own faith and yet to permit others to be as certain of theirs?—that is the question underlying the movement for a deeper brotherhood in Christendom. How are we to have unity and yet remain, as Dr. Cadman expresses it, "the Lord's freemen"? "Conventions," says he, "may assemble and pass resolutions favoring such a unity till the crack of doom. But it will be realized in one way alone. When all Protestants who confess Christ as Lord are willing to abide by what that confession implies as the sole standard of Christian discipleship, then, and not till then, a renewed

[1] Christianity and the State. By Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

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and a more glorious Protestantism shall prevail." Christianity is not acceptance of a system, but devotion to a Person. It is not the circumference that will force people together; it is the center that will attract them.

The New Books

FICTION

INVERTED PYRAMID (THE). By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Pride in the ancestral home is more commonly a British than an American trait. The family in Mr. Bertrand Sinclair's "The Inverted Pyramid" who have held "Hawk's Nest" for five generations are in fact British-Americans, and their broad estate, whence comes their wealth and power, is in British Columbia. One brother (sensual, stupid, and a reckless gambler in big finance) wrecks this family pride and reduces the estate to ruin; another brother, Rod, saves the estate and clears the family honor at every sacrifice. In this he is aided by Andy, a labor leader, head of a timber gang, a finely drawn character—satirical, class-conscious, pessimistic, but man enough to meet half-way the advances of an employer like Rod, who, as Andy says, is neither a hog nor a parasite. "Four generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" was the history of the Norquay family, but Rod made himself the apex of a new "inverted pyramid." There are two pleasing love stories involved. Also there is a fine sense of life, sport, and work in the unspoiled Northwest, with refreshing freedom from the balderdash about the great open spaces and God's mountains and all the sort of thing that so many Western story-writers have given us to excess. Altogether this is a substantial and worth-while novel.

JOHN BURNET OF BARNS. By John Buchan. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

An excellent specimen of the old-fashioned historical tale of adventure. Twenty-five years ago, when it first appeared, this reviewer liked it and said so in these columns, and he is glad that it survives in a new edition. It suffers somewhat from too detailed description of the hills, burns, and moors beyond the Tweed with jaw-breaking Scotch names, and the flight of Burnet of Barns doesn't quite equal that of David Balfour in "Kidnapped;" but this romance is admirably written, and has action in abundance. As it ends with the flight of James II, the reader wonders how "Prince Charlie the Pretender" could be one of the characters, as stated in the "blurb."

WANDERING STARS. By Clemence Dane. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The meticulous, down-looking realists have not yet, thanks be, driven creative imagination out of the field of fiction. Clemence Dane does not write for the literally minded, but for those who can spiritualize passion and the subtle interplay of feeling and character. The first of the two stories in her new volume is mystical in that the double of a husband who has become coarse and unloving appears repeatedly as if living to his wife in youthful affection and devotion, and finally blends in personality and character with his later-day actuality. This sounds absurd, but it isn't. The second and longer story, which gives title to the book, is in a queer way connected with the first; it is actual, not mystical, and is a searching study of the inner and outward effect on a certain great actress of a love unanswered and unappreciated. The workmanship of this singular story is both delicate and strong—quite out of the ordinary in literary quality and fineness of perception.

DRAMA

ANN VROOM. A Play in Seven Scenes. By Lewis Beach. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A dramatization of the eternal conflict between love and duty. The author of "The Goose Hangs High" and "The Square Peg" again places his scene in the Middle Western small town whose narrow ethical code supplies the depressing atmosphere in which Ann Vroom rises to heights of abnegation. It is a drama of character revelation—one hesitates to say development, for the negative quality of renunciation dominates; the story, simple and not particularly original in essentials, is of secondary importance. One feels that the dramatist has treated his material with great sincerity and technical ability, particularly in his use of the element of suspense. The dialogue has a crisp colloquial quality that leaves nothing to be desired from the standpoint of naturalness. Mr. Beach deserves commendation for the restraint with which he handles tense situations. A worthy contribution to contemporary drama.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

NEW VISION IN THE GERMAN ARTS (THE). By Herman George Scheffauer. B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York. $2.

Expressionism in its highest and widest form, according to Mr. Scheffauer, being "only a convention for the inexpressible," it seems quite inevitable that his own attempts at definition and description of this latest ism in art and letters must be somewhat confused. The Hamlet cry of "words, words, words" presses itself on the reader more than once, and yet these essays on the German effort to create a new æsthetic vision are highly suggestive as well. They may not accurately forecast the new that is to come, but they speak eloquently of the breaking up of the old. And to a reader with an open and slightly pensive mind they may also suggest that Germany, after all, is not wholly engaged in evading reparations or planning revenge.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRACTICAL BOOK OF OUTDOOR FLOWERS (THE). By Richardson Wright. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $7.50.

The reviewer who happens also to be a gardener lays down "The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers" in no frame of mind to take up his pen or pound his typewriter even for the sake of doing grateful justice to Mr. Richardson Wright. Rather, his fingers twitch yearningly for the trowel, his ears cock for the click of the pruning shears, and he no more desires to pause and inform the public concerning this new and fascinating garden book than a puppy with a new-found bone wishes to let go, cease gnawing, and bark to tell the world. Like the puppy—though with a different end in view—he would much prefer to go away by himself and dig. In short, besides being as practical as its promise, Mr. Wright's book is, to borrow a word much used in a different field of effort, distinctly inspirational. No doubt this is because it never loses the human in the technical or encyclopædic. The information is all there—soil preparation, trenching, fertilizing, lime-haters and lime-lovers, lists of perennials, shrubs and bulbs, all clearly and conveniently set forth so that a beginner can understand and an old hand at the game is sure to find valuable points and suggestions. But one feels always an actual, companionable gardener behind the facts, incidentally revealing little glimpses of himself along with his experiences. He does not, he boldly admits, care for hyacinths (he will hear from some enthusiast for that!), and his language regarding the Government quarantine upon narcissi is guarded but unmistakable.

In an interesting Foreword Mr. Wright claims gardening as a sport, and especially recommends it as such to those of his own sex who still regard it with indifference or airs of masculine superiority. But he admits that women, who in America have taken it up far more readily and numerously than men, look upon it rather as an art. Certainly it is, or can be both. It is in countries older than ours, in England particularly, that the average man is keenly interested in gardening. The National Rose Society of

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England figures that of the commuters who pour out of Waterloo Station every evening, every other one grows roses. "Imagine," muses Mr. Wright of wild and whirling New York, "being able to say the same of those who step out of the Grand Central every morning!" Still, even in our raw America there are many men of many kinds who love gardening!

"My closest garden friends, men with whom I enjoy most to talk or correspond about gardening, include a factory mechanic, a life-termer in Sing Sing, the editor of a New York weekly, an artist, a retired British army captain, and a colored butler. All of them garden because deep down in them is a love of beauty, a desire to express beauty—the mechanic is fighting a touch-and-go battle between the ill health consequent on factory work and the good health brought by gardening. The life-termer, though he may not realize it, is making reparation as far as is humanly possible by giving happiness to others for the happiness he took. The editor enjoys it as a huge sport—although he is getting no thinner. The artist sees it as pure art. The British army captain gardens from tradition and inherited love of it. And the colored butler, well, he finds it 'jes' happiness.'"

Mr. Wright's book is admirably arranged; it is thorough; and it is beautiful. There are numerous illustrations, helpful as well as charming, and of these nearly a dozen are in color, notably the airy and exquisite delphiniums of the frontispiece.

GOLF WITHOUT TEARS. By P. G. Wodehouse. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

An extremely jolly book. Any reader who should fail to be rejoiced by it would be beyond our prayers, the kind of person who would seek his amusement in the "Army Regulations." The story of the meeting of Cootahoot Banks and Vladimir Brusiloff at the session of the Wood Hills Literary Society is alone worth the price of the volume. Few there are who can ride the facetious at any length without a fall; Mr. Wodehouse is one of the few.

MOODS OF EARTH AND SKY. By E. L. Grant Watson. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

This is the sort of thing that the English do better than we. The author is a lover of nature and the out-of-doors, and the book is a description of some of his walks abroad during the changing seasons of the year, together with a record of the thoughts awakened thereby. Sometimes these are philosophical; sometimes he moralizes; more often he has something to tell us in the way of natural history, observations he has made upon the habits of animals, but through them all runs the deep love of nature that is characteristic of the country-bred English gentleman. His wanderings take him from Kent to Cornwall, and his observations include some on the beauty of a buzzard's flight, an account of a plague of butterflies once encountered in Fiji, and a description of the actual song of a shrew-mouse which he once heard. The book is pleasantly written, though the author, like most Britons, seems quite unable to cope with the verb "to awaken," using the strange past participle "woken."

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COBB'S AMERICA GUYED BOOKS: NEW YORK, KANSAS, INDIANA, MAINE, NORTH CAROLINA, KENTUCKY. By Irvin S. Cobb. The George H. Doran Company, New York. 50c. each.

These little books are not the parodies of official guide-books which their group title might lead one to expect. They are not parodies at all. They are attempts to express and explain humorously the special characteristics of six States of our Union. The manner ranges from the merely colloquial to the wildly hilarious, but the discrimination and differentiation are genuine, and often shrewd beneath the extravagance. Other volumes are announced as in preparation. Perhaps—daunting thought!—Mr. Cobb has dedicated himself to the task of guying the whole forty-eight States. Should he attain the goal and survive, he will certainly be entitled to rank as a thousand per cent American, and the bird of freedom itself might well molt a feather for his cap.

CAMPING OUT; A MANUAL ON ORGANIZED CAMPING. Prepared by the Playground and Recreation Association of America. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

This excellent manual in itself illustrates the great strides made in two or three decades in the development of organized camping. With a few camping parties beginning to make a regular thing of it, without any experience to speak of, there have developed scores of large, highly organized camps, camps that have to consider a wide variety of matters, from sanitation to the training of leaders.

It is possible that there has been a little too much organization and too far a straying from a touch with the primitive, through which so much benefit can come to young people. On the other hand, many different camps have worked out in detail important possibilities and methods which should be placed in the hands of camp heads generally for their guidance.

"Camping Out" is an exceptionally complete summary of information of the most valuable kind, thoroughly practical and lucid, and covering almost every possible question of importance likely to arise in any regular camp.

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almost every one wants money beyond that point. When we get money, what do we do with it?

A man's first obligation is necessarily to his family. The first lien on his income, therefore, is claimed by living expenses—rent, food, clothing, light, heat, education, and of course taxes. As this department of The Outlook is for investors, we are outside our province if we discuss these household matters, however, and our concern is with what people do with any sums they have left over after they have discharged the obligation put upon them by the ordinary expenses of living. We believe it is a good idea for people to budget their expenditures, and live up to that budget, and we do not believe that any one should spend all his income for living and apportion nothing to savings. We knew a man once who told us he had never in his life spent more than one-half his yearly income. Perhaps he overdid it, and to save fifty per cent of one's income every year seems like asking a good deal. If any one reading this article will stop for a moment, however, and just figure out how much money he would have laid by if he had followed this practice for the past ten years, we venture to say he will receive a distinct shock. Of course interest, compounded, should be included.

What is the best place for the money which a man can save, the amount representing the difference between what he earns and what he spends? There are any number of good places to put it, but the proper selection is dependent upon a variety of considerations. What, for instance, has been his purpose in keeping his expenditures below his receipts? Is he trying to save money for investment purposes, or because he wants to buy something and is planning for it ahead?

Suppose we take the average man. Above all, he wants his money to be safe; and the first amount he gets ahead, it seems to us, he might very well allow to remain in his checking account; many banks allow interest on all deposits which never fall below a certain figure; it is a good plan to have some money readily available, and it is a practicable thing to do provided, of course, the depositor can refrain from spending his balance.

A savings bank is an excellent place for small sums. Savings banks are so strictly supervised, and their investments so carefully limited, that they offer depositors an exceptionally high degree of safety. Money in a savings bank is easy to get out, and we know of several people who regularly deposit their dividends and interest payments in the savings bank, allowing the money to remain there until it totals an amount sufficient to purchase some more stock or another bond. The objection to this practice is often made that, not being obliged to put the money in the bank, one seldom does it. Which is frequently very true.

If a person needs a definite spur to make him save, he can find it in any one of several directions. First there is life insurance, a most excellent and virtually necessary protection for nearly every one to have. One can get almost any variety of policy he wants nowadays, from straight protection to those which emphasize the savings feature. We have never heard a really good argument against life insurance, although opinions differ as to whether it is more desirable from the standpoint of saving or protection. If people think life insurance is good only as a protection, and yet they still need some incentive to regular sav-

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ing, they can find it in building and loan associations. The method of procedure here is to subscribe to a certain number of shares; and each share has a fixed value. Customarily the subscriber pays in one dollar every month for each share he has contracted for, and the payment is credited to his account. He is also credited with accrued interest, and interest is compounded. When the value of the shares reaches the value fixed for them, the money is paid over to the subscriber. The usual value put on building and loan shares is $200, and the average time it takes for them to mature is ten to eleven years. Suppose a man takes out ten shares; he pays ten dollars a month, one hundred and twenty dollars a year, for ten years. He puts in $1,200 and gets $2,000 back. That's not bad. When it comes to a choice of building and loan associations, we have always felt that the local one is usually the best. You know, or should, conditions in your home town; you can attend the stockholders' meetings, and keep in touch with what is taking place. Then, too, a building and loan association is designed as a local benefit, and deserves local support.

If people do not care for building and loan associations, they can buy stocks or bonds on the partial payment plan. Here also they are obligated to regular, fixed payments. They pay a certain percentage of the purchase price down, and the balance in installments until the whole amount is paid; then they obtain physical possession of, and legal title to, the security for which they have contracted. Meanwhile, all dividends or interest received on the securities being paid for are credited to the purchaser's account, and usually more than take care of the interest the broker charges on what he has advanced—the difference between what the customer has paid and what the securities cost.

All of these places are good ones for money, particularly for the money of those who have not much. They are designed primarily for persons of moderate means, and they make it easy for such persons to lay something by against the rainy day we hear so much about, and which, sad to relate, always comes sooner or later. These methods of saving do not limit one's choice of investments. The proceeds of a paid-up endowment policy can go into a house or into bonds or stocks just as readily as the money received from the building and loan when the shares have matured. And it is possible to buy almost any kind of stock or bond on the partial payment or installment plan.

Eventually, of course, we come to

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stocks and bonds as the best things to be had in exchange for the money a man has for investment. Real estate for home purposes is an excellent place for any man's money, but when it comes to buying real estate for investment, it seems to us the man of moderate means and experience may well hesitate. The ownership of real estate involves so many considerations that unless the purchaser has the necessary time to devote to looking after it, and the knowledge which will qualify him to do so intelligently and efficiently, it seems to us a matter for serious doubt whether his money is not better placed somewhere else. Why not buy real estate mortgage bonds, and just collect the interest when it is due, leaving the worry of taxes, repairs, collection of rents, and all the other details to some one else? Certainly good real estate bonds are by common agreement ranked with the most desirable securities nowadays.

When we get into the field of stocks and bonds, there are literally thousands which one can with wisdom accept in exchange for money. Some are more suitable for some people than others, and they all do not rank equally as investments, but there are always plenty of good ones available if the prospective purchaser will only take the time and trouble to search them out.

Saving is well worth while. The man with some money saved is so much more independent than his improvident neighbor; and there is nothing which offers quite so large a return as independence. People who exchange their savings for high-grade investments paying a regular and assured income will undoubtedly agree that their money has been placed to the greatest possible advantage.

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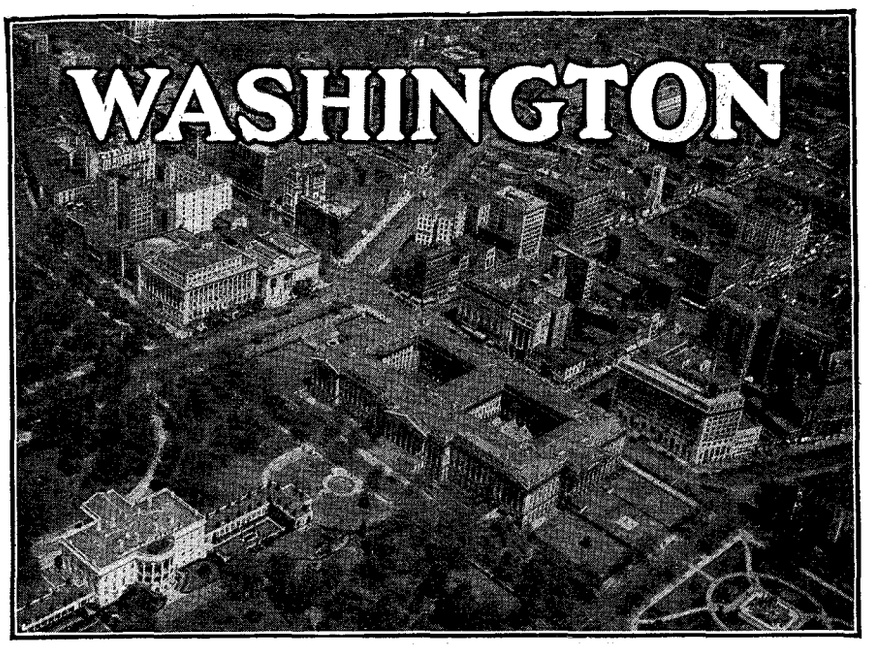

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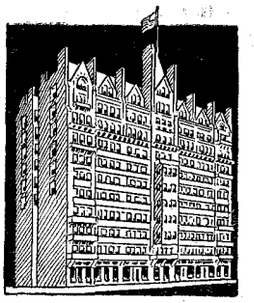

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Baths, running water, fireplaces, screened porches. Ice, wood, use of canoe, maid service, included in rentals, which are moderate. Best black bass fishing in State, tennis, swimming and canoeing. John A. Chase, Kent's Hill, Me.

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The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric lights, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
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REFINED and cultured young lady with private school education desires position as mother's helper or traveling companion in *Protestant family with not over two children.* Capable of driving car. References given and required. 5,175, Outlook.

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REFINED, cultured young Frenchman, EXCELLENT VIOLINIST, would enter private family as French and music instructor. References. N. Lardon, 11 S. Little Rock Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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LADY wishes to share her attractive apartment on 60th St., East, with business or professional woman. Moderate rent. 5,182, Outlook.

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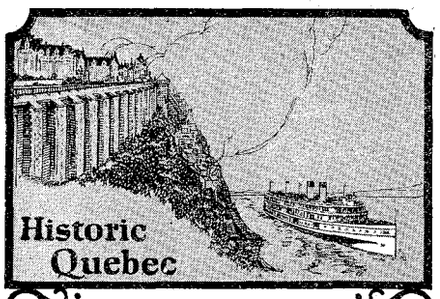

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A journey down the picturesque St. Lawrence to Quebec is like a trip to yesterday. You can begin your journey at Niagara Falls, Toronto, Rochester, Alexandria Bay, Clayton, Montreal, and return the same way. From Quebec you can continue on to the glorious Saguenay.

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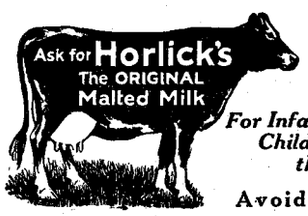

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THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

By the Way

A NEWSPAPER item furnishes material for an interesting "footnote to history." In 1782 Admiral Rodney, of the British Navy, defeated the French fleet commanded by de Grasse which had previously, in 1781, assisted Washington in defeating Cornwallis and thus assuring America's independence. Rodney's victory, though it came too late to affect this happy result, made him a hero in Great Britain and secured him a title and a perpetual pension amounting to $10,000 a year for himself and his heirs. This sum has been paid annually from the British Treasury ever since, but it is now, according to the newspaper item above mentioned, proposed to commute the pension by the payment of a lump sum. The terms of the agreement are said to be now before the House of Commons for decision.

Admiral Rodney, as stated above, was victorious in the encounter with de Grasse, who surrendered his three-decker to Rodney and was taken as a prisoner to England. His capture so elated the English Admiral that he failed to follow up the victory, and over a score of the French ships escaped. At least this was charged by Admiral Hood, one of Rodney's subordinate commanders. The pension of $10,000 seems liberal, but it did not prevent the English Admiral from being "sorely straitened for money" during his last years, authorities say, owing to his extravagant habits.

From the "Brown Jug:"

"Muriel, are you fond of dogs?"

"If you mean that as a proposal, you'd better ask papa."

A subscriber offers the following original conundrum:

My first has been first, from time out of date;
A lady's suggestion was his ultimate fate.
My next in minute space sometimes seems to contain
More good sense than is found in humanity's brain.
My whole as the answer,
I will freely confess it,
You will find very hard
If you ever do guess it.

The "Almanac de Gotha," that repository of information about royal and titled personages, has, it is reported, ceased publication, after an existence of 160 years. The editor explains the disappearance of the stout little red book by saying that there are not enough reigning families now to fill his pages, and that the difficulty of keeping pace with the constantly changing status of the various members of the nobility is beyond him.

The continent of Asia, according to Dr. Sven Hedin in an article in "Popular Mechanics," is like the roof of a house, irregular in shape, falling off gently in the various directions. From its crown, rain water is pouring down in all directions. "No matter where the watercourses arise they are still, as they sweep onward, crossed here and there and again by almost innumerable paths, and countless likewise are the bridges." The railway bridges, Dr. Hedin says, are built everywhere on the same principles, but the primitive bridges with which Asia abounds are of the most diverse character. He enumerates "bridges of stone, of tile, of iron and cement, of chains, ropes and cables, of wood, posts, plants, and branches, and the natural rocks which in the course of time have broken asunder from a mountain and tumbled down into some wild ravine, where they now serve as spans for the natives."

From "Williams Purple Cow:"

"The main difference between a girl chewing her gum and a cow chewing her cud is that the cow generally looks thoughtful."

The first American newspaper item concerning a lodge of Freemasons in the western hemisphere, according to a recently published book, "The Beginnings of Freemasonry in America," appeared in the "Philadelphia Gazette" for December 8, 1730. This paper was published by Benjamin Franklin. Oddly enough, the item consisted of an alleged exposé of Freemasonry which had been circulated for some time in England. Franklin afterward became a Mason and held the position of Grand Master of the Province of Pennsylvania.

"My five-year-old friend had been taught to repeat at bedtime," a subscriber writes, "the rhyme, 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, God bless the bed that I lie on,' instead of the usual 'Now I lay me,' because the latter had the word 'die' in it. One day he came home very weary after a shopping expedition. His mother, on getting him ready for bed, urged him to say his prayers. 'Mother,' he said with drooping eyes, 'I forget the guys' names.'"

From "Punch:"

Romantic Lady—"Do you ever see pictures in the fire?"

Embittered Art Critic—"No. But I've seen lots that ought to be."

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